

INSIDE: Mulroney's debut / Lebanon in flames

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 26, 1983

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NEW SCREEN HEROES

Canadian producer Marie-José Raymond



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 16, 1983 VOL. 96 NO. 39

COVER

The new screen heroes

For more than 60 years Canadian filmmakers have fought Hollywood's domination at the movies and struggled to get their own stories onto the screen. But within the next few weeks three new movies—*The Tin Flute*, *Maria Chapdelaine* and *The Wars*—will offer impressive evidence that the Canadian light is a winning one. —Page 46

COVER PHOTO BY GILBERT KILPATRICK



A lesson in the House

Conservative leader Brian Mulroney made his parliamentary debut last week and, after a few embarrassing gaffes, he showed that he needs seasoning. —Page 18



The Pope subdued

Even before it started, the Pope's Austrian tour bristled with controversy, and his muted support for Eastern Bloc Catholics increased Vienna's anxiety. —Page 30



A nation's self-destruction

An Lebanese civil war erupted into an bloody phase, President Amin Gemayel's army and Iraq air force fought to hold the line against Moslem militias. —Page 26



Amelopo's restless natives

Longtime residents of northwest Oregon resent the expansion plans of the followers of the Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, whose sect favors free love. —Page 42

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Home movies grow up

In the world of movies, the 1940s belonged to the Italians, such as director Roberto Rossellini. The French dominated the following decade with such series as François Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard. Then the Australians and the Brazilians emerged with strongly original national films that claimed universal appeal. Throughout those years the influence of Hollywood was—and continues to be—pervasive. The jury is still out on what country's moviemakers will be able



Ross: nobody plays like this

to claim the 1980s as their own. But for the first time in years, Canadian talent gives evidence of having the muscle to be a serious contender for that honor. During the past few months the movie *The Grey Fox*, directed by 36-year-old Vancouverite Philip Baran, opened to rave reviews across the continent. And is the next few weeks *Babe Philips' The Wars*, Gilles Carle's *Maria Chapdelaine* and Claude Fournier's *The Tin Flute* will bring additional

Canadian talent to the screen—and Canadian stories to the world.

To assemble this week's cover story, which begins on page 48, Senior Writer Val Ross spent four weeks interviewing the industry's leaders for an in-depth look at the state of the national movie business. Both Ross and Entertainment Editor Ann Johnston, who co-ordinated and edited the story, were unusually well-qualified for the task. Johnston has covered the film industry extensively, and her work has appeared in the prestigious *New York Journal Film Comment*, as well as in *Maclean's*. And Ross has herself co-authored the script for a documentary on jazz cornetist Rex Naudette (BIB: "one's some of them play like him get").

Kevin Doyle

Maclean's September 26, 1982

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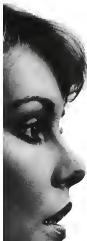
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Old wave.



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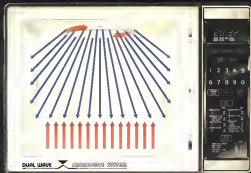
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truth. Do we believe a president who, while claiming that the "United States stands firmly on the side of peace," sends U.S. warships to threaten Nicaragua's coasts? —PATRICIA KARNJAC COYE, *Redlands*

No ribbons for Mills

In response to the article *Thoroughly old-fashioned* Mills (October 29) compares me between this "time-chaise," Mita Maloney, and Maureen McVey, who keeps "her own candles are unkind, unnecessary and lose their sparkle" (p. 10). Maureen McVey, as well as the *Conservative*, as well as the press, named McVey in her efforts to hang onto the smallest scrap of feminism in the face of a unilaterally paternalistic society. Although there is little doubt that McVey's efforts to do so with the party line, it is wholly journalism that chooses to debunk one person's "Independent career," "fervent antibodies" nature and frenetic protestations of her husband in order to enshrine the virtuous mother's sacrifice. The *Conservative* is not a man's antithesis (as a wife and as a mother) and "devotion to her husband and his interests" — not to mention fettuccine alfredo. Let us hope that when the *McVey* story is set straight, Mills will not be so unfairly thrown to the lions as the wives of old and (probably) alive.

—(JUDITH M. WALCOWSON)
Montreal

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Where breakfast TV laid an egg

The ill-fated attempt to launch breakfast television in Britain has turned inside out Canadian newspaper baron Roy Thomson's famous pronouncement that a commercial television franchise is "a license to print money." Seven months after his optimistic debut last February, TV-am Co., which media personalities such as David Frost have led and partly funded, has at least escaped bankruptcy; its owner is an now-widening new chief executive, Timothy Allken, 38, a grandson, ironically, of another Canadian newspaper magnate, Lord Beaverbrook. But even under Allken's perceptive business eye, prospects for the revival of TV-am, as the station launches a reworked program schedule this month, remain as volatile as the viewing tastes of the British public.

All seemed set for success in 1980, when Peter Jay, entrepreneur in Washington and vice dubbed "the cleverest young man in England," was the breakfast TV franchise with a consortium of five British television personalities, including Frost and Anna Ford, Angela Ripston, Michael Parkinson and Robert Kee. Jay, 46, best not competitors with his concept of a popular morning newspaper in television form and a mass proclaimed "ambition to explain."

Even the rival state-owned BBC welcomed the viewing potential at first five to ten million, and a year before the launch Jay declared, "I regard breakfast television as one of the least risky things ever."

The new company started out with an investment of \$87 million, 60 per cent from financial institutions and the remainder from Jay and the "famous five" as they came to be known, who each staked a slice of their personal fortunes. But they ignored the classic ground rule of any new business: watch your main competitor. The lumbering BBC machinery swung into action with daunting speed, pitting its own *Breakfast Time* show on the air in January—a month before TV-am—and in some of the early weeks pulled in these quarters of the potential viewing audience of five million to six million. Within two weeks of its launch, TV-am was pleading for another \$10 million in backing, while Jay frantically rethought the score, whose glamour had



Timothy Allken and (below) Jay plan the 'lameous five'

proved time-slot at start-of-the-day.

On March 16, when Jay formally resigned as chairman and chief executive, a period of major reorganization had already begun. And then Allken House Holdings, the largest single TV-am shareholder and one of a web of family investment companies that Lord Beaverbrook founded in the 1930s, stepped in. Jonathan Allken, 40, millionaire



Tory MP and occasional escort of Margaret Thatcher's daughter Carol, took over as chief executive for one month and then passed the reins to his cousin Timothy. Losses were running at nearly \$1 a million a month, and ad revenue was less than half the \$70 million forecast. TV-am, with a staff of 350 and its costly news-gathering operation, was spending \$30,000 an hour, compared to the BBC's modest \$5,000.

With the Allkens in charge, the five part-owners (or what the journal *Marketing Week* called "the trendy coterie of self-important media types") felt the sharp impact of business discipline. Timothy Allken refused to use Jay's huge plush office and smashed two dozen bottles of pink champagne which he had found in filing cabinets. Within one week he fired both Ford and Ripston, cut back the inflated wage bill (see sidebar) had bought a Triumph 750 sports car out of his overtime earnings) and reduced costs overall by 30 per cent, to \$57.2 million a year. Ford and Ripston responded by having breach of contract suits served on the Allkens, and Ford launched a claim of white waste over Jonathan Allken at a cocktail party.

But the Allkens' ruthless move, backed by union agreement in the face of imminent bankruptcy, secured further financial guarantees and bought an essential "consolidity" time: then TV-am has worked to redefine the much bled "mission to explain" to move in keeping with the BBC's sure-going approach and to develop the new program schedule for this month's launch.

At the same time, viewing figures, which by spring had settled at 500,000 to the BBC's 1.5 million, spurted upward in midsummer, and by July the company claimed finally to have passed the one-million mark. As the September season began, there was one small, if backhanded, sign of faith that TV-am might, as Jonathan Allken had predicted, break even by its first birthday. Rothschild Investment Trust sold its shares at a loss (floating the Allkens with an increased stake of 25 per cent)—but only after narrowly negotiating a buy-back option, against all the odds of breakfast television making a bit with the British public.

—CAROL KENNEDY in London.



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Not free for the asking

By Mary Jansgen

The twin aggravated Canadians throughout the sweltering summer. First, The Toronto Star revealed that in the 1993-94 tax year the public paid \$792,670 to maintain the grounds at Prime Minister Pierre Tru-

doan's two official homes. Next, The Globe and Mail reported that Trudeau and fellow cabinet ministers were taking family and friends along on Transport Canada's VIP flights. Then, The Canadian Press announced that taxpayers contributed more than \$5.06 toward the 1975 construction of Trudeau's

swimming pool. The disclosures followed the July 1 proclamation of the Access to Information Act, which was designed to throw more light on government operations. "But we have not got our hands on one serious piece of information," said Toronto Star Ottawa Bureau Chief Bob Hepburn. "We just get the frivolous stuff."

As both bureaucrats and applicants probe the limits of the new law, the initial response has been frustration on all fronts. Unskilled is how to use the act, journalists have concentrated on requests for background papers on such controversial decisions as last year's \$24-million bailout of the Man-Er trucking firm. Faced with potentially explosive requests, bureaucrats have retreated behind Section 69, which excludes all cabinet documents from the reach of the act. Meanwhile, Treasury Board reports that even informal requests for information are up in all departments, while a trickle of facts has started to flow out to the approximately 300 applicants who have made formal requests so far. Said Conservative MP Ray Hnatyshyn: "Before, the veil of secrecy was right down to the ground. My assessment is that the veil has been lifted so that we now see the inside. That is thrilling but not very edifying."

The complicated 77-clause act is a compromise between secrecy-prone members of the Liberal cabinet and advocates of more open government. The federal government has installed "access registers"—listing the type of information available from the 138 institutions covered by the act—in 2,400 post offices and public libraries across the country. Citizens or permanent residents fill out a simple form, pay a \$5 fee and send the application to the officer named in the register. When information is denied under any of the 17 clauses detailing exemptions, the applicant can lodge a complaint with information commissioner Roger Hansen. If a department ignores her recommendation to release information, she or the applicant can take the case to the Federal Court.

The most controversial section is the exclusion that puts cabinet documents beyond the reach of applicants, Tories—and the courts. Opposition critics such as New Democratic Party MP Seán Robinson fear that the mere mention in a document of cabinet processes will be enough to prevent access. Said Robinson: "The law is so riddled with loopholes and exemptions that if a bureaucrat wants to maintain secrecy he can do so."

Initial results tend to bear out the opposition parties' skepticism. Out of all applications from The Toronto Star, answers came back promptly on the five "trivials" requests about salaries or

The Radio and Television News Directors Association and the Canadian Society of Cinematographers recently presented five awards for excellence to Global Television.

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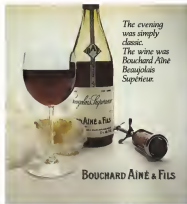
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express. Four others received answers—once with information already made public. The remainder were rejected or handled with requests for clarification. When *Globe and Mail* Ottawa Bureau Chief John Gray asked the Privy Council Office in September, 1982, for documents connected with the PIA crisis in 1978, Clerk of the Privy Council Gordon Osbourne replied that every available record is covered by an exemption. The Consumers' Association of Canada has not yet filed an application, but association analyst David McKinstry reported that companies are already holding seminars on how to ensure that Ottawa guards corporate secrets. "It is fair to protect the competitive advantage," he said. "But the danger is that information which is not compromising, such as some product testing, will also be withheld."

Not everyone is pessimistic about the usefulness of the new legislation. Ottawa consultant Ken Rubin said getting information requires perseverance, because at the outset no government employee is likely to release potentially damaging information without putting up a good fight. "It isn't going to work for most people," he said. "I am just persistent." Peter Calamini, national correspondent for *Newsday* in Ottawa, said that reporters are ignoring "the real gritty-gritty of government," such as the regulatory agencies. "It is a reflection of the media's relative technical literacy," he said. Robert Jelting, head of the Treasury Board task force implementing the law, complained that journalists go after the specifically excluded documents—and then, when they do not get them, proclaim that the act does not work. "They want fully integrated material; they are too lazy to do their own research," he said. "Putting together bits and pieces of facts takes time."

Commissioner Hansen remains the major optimist about the future use of the act. So far, roughly one-third of the 380 applications for information have been from private individuals, mostly from journalists and the remainder from businesses, corporations, public interest groups and law firms. Out of these Hansen has received 18 complaints. When users breach the law, however, Hansen points out that the act includes an unusual clause directing Parliament to review the legislation and suggest improvements in three years. "You can do much better in front of a parliamentary committee if you can clearly demonstrate on the basis of experience that the act does not work," said Hansen. "That is why I would like people to complain instead of throwing their arms up in the air and saying, 'The act is so good.' Parliament has given them the unique opportunity to be lawmakers." ☐



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Marriage under glass

For more than a year after Conservative MP Robert Horne and a committee of parliamentary colleagues completed a ground-breaking investigation into wife-battering, the New Brunswick politician could not shake the feeling that they had never dealt with the causes of the problem. The May, 1982, report on family violence, which revealed that one out of every 18 Canadian wives is battered, caused a major controversy in the Commons. It even prompted Health Minister Nolin to begin to mail a brochure on wife-battering to every mother receiving family allowance cheques. Still, the 52-year-old Fredericton lawyer was unsettled. "I kept asking myself, 'How could so many intelligent people get into a mess like that?'"

Now Horne is probing for the answer to his question. This month the MP from York-Sunbury will ask Parliament to instruct his 20-member health and social affairs committee to conduct a thorough investigation into marriage breakdown. He is convinced that the incidence of domestic violence, as well as the country's 50-per-cent divorce rate, could be reduced substantially if young people were taught before marriage to recognize the signals of a high-risk relationship.

Horne's crusade is certain to provoke a debate in Parliament, but the 13-year Commons veteran and father of four is accustomed to controversy. When the committee initially called its report on wife-battering, a number of backbenchers broke into locker-room snickers. But when the public reacted with outrage, suddenly wife-battering was no longer a joke. By the end of 1982 the number of traction houses for abused women was as high as 350, more than double the number operating in 1979. In Manitoba this year volunteers set up a provincewide hotline for abused women.

With one success behind him, Horne wants to probe more deeply into the troubled Canadian family. He recognizes that it is an ambitious task for a handful of parliamentarians but he believes it is an essential one and that even the smallest moves to reduce the incidence of marriages made unhappy or outrightly dangerous will prove of great benefit to society as a whole. Stud Horne, with the air of a man who is in no doubt, "What is important is that we address the greatest social problems facing Canada today."

—CAROL GORAN in Ottawa



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The dangers of self-censorship

By Barbara Amiel

Gary Luston, the executive managing editor of *The Toronto Star*, is a far wiser person than I am. A few weeks ago he killed a cartoon that had appeared in the early editions of his paper. The cartoon made fun of a certain type of wealthy Toronto Jewish lady called the Forest Hill Princess (obscure reference) and depicted her fiddling, idiosyncrasies and lifestyle picaresques ("It has the right outfit for everything and drives either Dad's Continental or a small sports 'Scion'. Its call is an animated 'It's to die for' which usually refers to rich dowries").

The cartoon was part of a series which had earlier made exactly the same sort of fun of all kinds of people, including a certain type of wealthy white lady (complete anonymous reference) who "shuts out all of blowing 100 bucks for that 'nauseal look in a sweet suit'. Highly migratory, this species often leaves its two offspring with a French nanny and flies off to New York for the weekend. In summer, the Copper-toned Rosebud nation enjoys 'roughing it' at the family cottage in Muskoka (only three servants)".

Luston was making a shrewd sacrifice in self-censorship. He was trying to guess in advance—before the letters, inquiries and lawsuits—who might successfully object.

As a writer, I have had my own share of problems with the various groups that try to regulate opinion in this country. There are the official government regulatory agencies, ranging from bodies like the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission to the press councils, the self-regulating organs of the daily press. But I did not fully understand what they were about, what their real danger was, until I became the editor of a daily newspaper, *The Toronto Star*.

Current battles I am fighting include

• In fact, I have spread our newspaper did which illustrated past fashions on the basis of whether females wished to look like "good" girls or "bad" girls. We happened to illustrate the bad girl with a "black model". The complaint against us to the Ontario Press Council by Rosemary Scott, co-ordinator, Multicultural Relations for Metropolitan Toronto, was that our paper was providing offensive coverage of minorities.

• Additionally I have written criticizing heritage language policies and multi-

cultural policies. The charge to the Press Council is that I am denigrating "heritage".

• Cartoons depicting issues such as Toronto's recent decision to outlaw keeping "three" animals in the city. This was illustrated by a cartoon depicting an immigrant poultry seller explaining to brother Shmuck that a city which inspector law will be looked after his chickens. Another cartoon at the time of the proposed legislation to arrest clients of prostitutes showed a man in jail looking through the bars at the newspaper headline talking about affirmative action programs for women. Says the censor: "That's why I'm here. I tried to lure a woman." The charge from Dr. Rosemary Scott is that the cartoons were "offensive to anyone who believes in human rights".

A Comment Column I've mentioned about the chances of an Ontario politi-

'I am not criticized by people of opposite views but by a self-regulatory agency like the press council'

cian as a candidate for provincial government and speculated he may be "too Toronto, too short and too Jewish" to win the requisite number of votes. The complaint: well, you guess!

Suddenly I find myself not criticized or called by people of opposite views but called on the carpet by a self-regulatory agency like the Ontario Press Council to justify the opinions expressed in the paper—or to withdraw them. But how can one explain to Scott, who may be a person of many accomplishments but does not understand that, in punch fashion, bad girl is a highly complimentary term and good girl implies someone rather dowdy and square? Why should I have to explain it? And furthermore, even if in fact the good girl and bad girl meant what they mean in ordinary parlance, is Scott seriously suggesting that non-white models can only be used to illustrate desirable roles? After all, in every commercial there is some money who doesn't know how to clean his dentures or get the laundry white—are only ways to give them money?

Or how should I justify, and why

should I have to, that a columnist like Hay would not do his job if he were not able to speculate on how a person's looks, place of domicile, ethnic background or religion might affect his chances at the polls? Did we not so speculate with John F. Kennedy, Ronald Reagan, the Polish Pope or indeed John Galsworthy's handsome husband? Indeed, Hay himself never suggested that voters should not support a short Jewish Torontoan. He simply suggested that voters may not go far that combination, adding that this was an asked consideration.

The Ontario Press Council, which I am currently dealing with, is a voluntary council set up by the newspapers themselves in the hope that it will stave off or prevent the day when a government agency will regulate what appears on a paper may or may not happen. In fact, what is happening is that these "voluntary" councils are turning editors like myself and Gary Luston into self-censors and, in fact, on considering the whole question, I prefer the censor to the self-censor. If ideas must be regulated, let them be censored openly by the government.

The late Hungarian poet Gyula Illyés expressed that thought best in his famous poem *One Censoror on Tyranny*. He explained that the most terrible aspect of tyranny is that it becomes unregulated—it is present in the handshake of friends, in the kisses of lovers, in the way a person averts his eyes, in the thoughts he dares to think.

In a sense way I feel what he described even now as I sit at my desk trying to outpace the next rule I might break, the next censor, dreamed or imposed. But if we must censor ideas that disagree with them or give them equal space—fine with me and silence certain opinions, then let the government do it openly.

In a society in which the government was the official censor, I would have the option of going underground. Of putting my real thoughts in a notebook. Of letting people see the censor's blacked-out sections of papers, the "shortage" of newspapers for out-of-door papers. I would at least preserve my own dignity, my own mind.

Having considered all this, perhaps I am wiser than Gary Luston. There is nothing more painful than the self-censor, and to say that we will censor ourselves so that we will not be censored is a kind of happy I would sooner lose my freedom than my mind.





Malrueny making his debut in the House—and escaping the media; Stinson (below), not a bottle of ideas

CANADA

A lesson in the House

It was a case of two men acting very much in character. Brian Mulroney was importantly for his parliamentary question period debut last week. To upstart and rising star the new Conservative leader asked Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau whether or not the government will seek massive damages from the Soviet Union for the families of the 20 Canadians killed when Soviets shot down a Korean airliner. With a casual and Trudeau signalled to his aide, External Affairs Minister Allan Rock, who blandly expressed his deepest sympathies for the bereaved families, then explained that Canada would be presenting a claim for compensation to the Soviet Union. For Mulroney, it was a stinging rebuff, and it clearly caught him off guard. But the next day he returned prepared. After waiting until the Prime Minister alone could speak, he posed a question Trudeau had to answer himself.

The much-anticipated showdown between the country's two top politicians was not a battle of wits. Instead, it was a subtle sparring match based on timing and tactics. Mulroney had warned Trudeau before Parliament resumed that hostility and Tory-baiting would earn him equally harsh treatment—

"and he may not like it"—but his second line certainly by week's end after suffering several personal snubs from the Prime Minister. He also learned how easily an ongoing political stir can be sprung by a juicy scandal, triggered by his tongue as ensnared in a procedural trap. But these were the small and relatively harmless lessons of unexperience. The real tests for the Tory leader still lie ahead. Between now and the next election, he must avoid making a major policy blunder, steer clear of a messy opposition from Ottawa and the country's seven Tory provinces and cost off his reputation for being too easy and too glib. After an abbreviated week—the new leader did not turn up on Thursday or Friday—Mulroney did not stumble, but neither did he soar.

His first hour in the Commons unfolded like a well-written play, then fate forced its way into the script. The new Conservative leader arrived, dressed unapologetically in a made-for-television blue suit. Parliamentary veterans Erik Nielsen and George Hynes led him onto the floor of the

House. His wife, Mili, seated in the visitors' gallery beside her father and several of Mulroney's high-powered, corporate friends, appeared like a delighted schoolgirl.

Trudeau welcomed his new rival with restraint and sarcasm. "It is nice for us in this chamber to be able to look in the glow of the benign smile of a man who has sent such shivers down the spines of the masses all the way from Oyster Pond to Moncton," he remarked, as a pointed reference to the fact that Mulroney spent the summer campaigning for a safe Tory seat in Nova Scotia. But off his reputation for being too easy and too glib.

The Tory leader—a veteran of the university debating circuit and countless television speeches—responded swiftly. "I was delighted and interested to read in the weekend press the fact that the Prime Minister announced he is not a quitter," he said, grinning. "I want you to know, sir, that we are behind you all the way." Even Trudeau smiled it was, as the Prime Minister noted, all "show business and good fun." Then the mood changed abruptly. Roger Swenson,

the Newfoundland MP whose resignation from the cabinet only 10 days after his swearing-in last month shook the country, asked in reply. To a baffled Hynes, he confirmed reports that the federal justice department was about to charge him with tax evasion. And the next day, in fact, the department charged the 46-year-old former high school principal with wilfully evading payment of \$5,198.75 in federal taxes between 1975 and 1978. Although few political insiders were surprised by Swenson's admission that a tax investigation was at the root of his stillborn cabinet career, his statement in the House was unexpected and stole the spotlight from the new Opposition leader.

The Swenson scandal also exposed Mulroney's inexperience. Normally, such a revelation from a member of the government is the kind of post-mortem dinner on which an opposition party thrives. But when reporters asked Mulroney for his reaction, he appeared unsure of himself. "I would like to review Mr. Swenson's statement carefully," he said. At the same time, more seasoned members of caucus such as former leader Joe Clark and former advisor General Allan Lawrence castigated the Prime Minister for appointing cabinet ministers without adequate security checks.

In another incident, Mulroney displayed what appeared to be a lack of sensitivity. The episode occurred when Health Minister Monique Bégin, frustrated by Mulroney's inability to get to the point, yelled across the aisle, "Acquiesce!" Literally, that means "give birth," but colloquially it translates as "surrender." At that, Mulroney shot back to Bégin. "En parlant d'accordement, Monique ça va bien." Although the official *Huron* translation of the remark is quite polite—and inaccurate—colloquially Mulroney'squip translated as, "Speaking of childbirth, Monique, it's coming." And it was taken by some French reporters and many of Bégin's Liberal colleagues as a snide reference to Bégin's being overweight. The Montreal newspaper *Le Presse* intimated that Mulroney drew Bégin's weight, and downed it. Mulroney's spokesman, Michelle Tremblay, wrote: "It was a real cheap shot. It was very rude and vulgar. Mr. Mulroney seems to have forgotten that he isn't in the mixer or the wilds of Base Canada anymore."

The Liberals also differently put Mulroney's speech status on public display. On Mulroney's second day in the House, St. Boniface Liberal backbencher Robert Beaudet rose and asked Trudeau whether or not the federal government was planning to support the Manitoba government's efforts to enshrine francophone rights in that

province. As the Liberals laughed and the Conservatives agreed, Trudeau replied that he is ignoring the idea of inviting the Opposition leader to meet him and discuss the possibility of an all-party caucus endorsement of the Manitoba language proposal. The issue is exclusively peaceful for Mulroney, a Quebecer whose support for bilingualism is unapologetic. His caucus, on the other hand, has always been split on the question, and most Manitoba members support their provincial Tory counterparts who adamantly oppose the measure.



Trudeau with a casual air

vars. The Prime Minister had clearly bored Mulroney into a corner. Still, the Tory leader came out fighting. He jumped to his feet and demanded that Trudeau set a time and a place for the meeting. At that, Speaker Jeanne Sauvé roared him, informing Mulroney that the House of Commons was not the place for members to negotiate their private appointments. The two men met the next day, and after a 20-minute session Mulroney announced that "no formal propositions were made," defusing the issue temporarily. Mulroney's bid to win in time to beat the Tories again. Said one senior strate-

gist: "It is an obvious way to trip up an Official Language Act resolutions already split the Conservatives and that is only one of many moves that the Liberals will set for Mulroney in the months ahead. The most potentially dangerous pitfall, according to Tory party thinkers, is the so-called provincial rights trap. If the Liberals can maneuver Mulroney into agreeing to defending the rights of the provinces (seven of which have Conservative governments), they will strip him of the bargaining power that a future prime minister would need to deal with them later. "One of the classic Liberal tactics—what's often called 'the trap'—is to paint the Tory leader into the corner of protecting the rights of the provinces," one party veteran explained. "But the province can look after themselves just fine—they don't need the federal Conservatives."

Another danger for Mulroney is the possibility of making a serious policy mistake—similar to Joe Clark's damaging promises to dismantle Petro-Canada and move the Canadian Embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Until now, Mulroney has avoided this trap by making only vague and unannounced policy pronouncements. But the Tories appeared to be in trouble last week over the contentious Crownpoint Pass freight rate. The party's transport critic, Don MacIsaac, surprised a parliamentary committee studying the western freight rate by abruptly calling for a three-year freeze of current rates for farmers and compensation to the railways reduced below that proposed by the Liberals. That action could prove costly. Under this unexpected Tory flip, the freight rates would rise about \$500 million in revenues which they were counting on to cover the next three years. That would severely hamper their ability to invest in badly needed improvements to the country's transportation system. "This is prepared as if I had to take Mulroney," said a senior transport official.

On most issues, however, Mulroney and his team run a far greater risk of losing too little than too much. The Tory leader remains all attempts to be panned down to a level of competence with a standard consent. "The government is called on to bring forward programs—not the Opposition." That argument may soon wear thin. When the Liberals present their speech from the throne—probably next month—Canada will be in a position to make a more substantive play to examine if Mulroney has an alternative to offer them, it could lead to the beginning of the end of his charmed existence. That chapter of his political education is obviously one he hopes to delay as long as possible.

—CAROL GORDON in Ottawa

The restraint revolution

When British Columbia introduced a severe restraint program last July, Canadians from east to west expressed surprise, shock and in some cases outrage. But in the weeks since, most other provinces have gradually demonstrated that they too have been pursuing similar policies—although in a less abrupt and dramatic fashion. In New Brunswick, Conservative Premier Richard Hatfield recently ruled that to wage claims should be filed more than twice at government-sponsored dinners. And in Charlottetown, N.B., many needy schoolchildren had to rely on charity for their lunch—supplies when a 645 government employees was eliminated provincially. In neighboring Nova Scotia the Conservative government is cutting academic assistance to several faculties under 32. For his part, Saskatchewan Premier Grant Devine, another Tory, is eliminating management jobs in several Crown corporations. In the words of one senior employee, "They are literally turning the Crown upside down and shaking them for loose change."

Frederic St. John's in Victoria, restraint has become an overriding concern. Although a cost-cutting campaign has not been as severe as in British Columbia, Premier William Bennett has enlisted other provincial governments to prevent their cost-cutting programs as the few discontents in nature. "Bennett has made it easy for the other Tory governments," said Ontario New Democratic Party MP Richard Johnston. "Conceding to him, everyone looks good." But recently even Bennett is moderating the timing—of not the intent—of his program. Faced with widespread demonstrations,

3,700 government jobs by early next year.

By contrast, Ontario Premier William Davis and his cabinet last week quietly decided to extend the province's restraint program. The original project, which would have expired in stages dur-



Hatfield: 'next to Bennett everybody looks good'

ing the next few months, avoided full-scale criticism other than an initial display of outrage from the labor movement. By pursuing social programs rather than eliminating them and relying on attrition rather than firing to limit the size of the public service, Davis neutralized opposition. One exception in the government's plan to close six centres for the mentally retarded, throwing 1,000 jobs into jeopardy and putting what critics say is an intolerable strain on other severely ill support programs. But with an 11.7-per-cent wageplay-

ment rate, many unions have not been fighting back—workers are either too discouraged or too worried to resist. As a result, there was little immediate opposition last week when Ontario said that it would extend controls for another year. Despite the criticism, the province's deficit rose last year by \$1.6 billion to more than \$5 billion, and spending rose by \$2.9 billion to \$32.5 billion.

In a number of provinces, restraint has been applied unevenly—sometimes leading to service embargoes for governments. In Nova Scotia, for one, the Tory government laid off civil service wage increases to six per cent. Included in it senior citizens to a 4.7 per cent but gave provincial state a sharp 13.7-per-cent wage-and-expense raise. Meanwhile, Saskatchewan's Devine added new members to his cabinet, making it the largest ever, and rewarded campaign workers and supporters with government contracts. During its first 12 months in office the Devine government also brought 30 new civil servants more than \$251,000 for ministers and senior bureaucrats. On the other hand, in Halifax, Premier John Buchanan is trying to sell a \$11-million executive jet purchased in 1981, which has since become a political liability.

The exception is Manitoba, where NDP Premier Howard Pawley has forsaken a fishy back to a modest 5.5 per cent. But despite that, and the Manitoba cabinet's symbolic refusal of a \$1,568 raise for ministers (on a \$36,516 salary) last month, the Pawley government plans to increase government spending by 10.9 per cent in the next year, double the rate in the other provinces. Manitoba has also imposed only a slowdown on public service hiring, as opposed to a freeze and it has initiated a new \$200-million job fund. Roughly 16,000 public employees have indirectly contributed \$10 million to the fund by forgoing an expected 30.5 per-cent wage increase in return for a promise of job security and a six-month extension of their current contract until September, 1984.

In Conservative Alberta public servants appear to have escaped the worst effects of restraint. The government's eight-per-cent guidelines are strictly voluntary, and there have been few cuts in government programs. But the privatization process was tightened last spring after a number of provinces overtook severely a 40-per-cent increase. Richardson Bragg/McIntyre, 37.6 per cent to

pollen, 28 per cent to salmon, and 18- to 100-per-cent increases to professional employees.

Until the B.C. legislature, public service workers in Quebec were the hardest hit by restraint legislation. In 1982 the Parti Québécois government, alarmed by a mounting public debt, imposed severe pay cuts on many of its 220,000 public servants. Since then, the PQ has maintained its tough, anti-inflation stand despite widespread protests. In doing so, however, Premier René Lévesque has alienated many of the PQ's own supporters. Indeed, last week the government—at its lowest point in years at the polls—announced that it was delaying the opening of the next legislative session for a month, until mid-November, apparently out of anxiety at the widespread antagonism facing in the province. With the provincial Liberal party waiting hungrily in the wings and a hostile labor movement, the PQ may become the country's first victim of public service backslap.

For the most part, though, provincial governments correctly calculated that voters will tolerate virtually no restraint forced on the public sector. Until government services are eroded, the public is not likely to complain. In the near future, cost-cutting will remain a popular government policy.

—BLAIR BURNETT in Toronto, with Gail Butler in Regina, Suzanne Sturgeon in Calgary, David Fisher in Fredericton, John Fournier in Vancouver, Bonnie Macdonald in St. John's and Andrea Noyek in Winnipeg

Newfoundland's deep-sea fight



Fishery Products Ltd. workers: U.S. buyers worried about their supply

The Newfoundland Supreme Court in downtown St. John's was packed with lawyers last week as Newfoundland's largest fishing company, Fishery Products Ltd. (FPL), tried to regain control of its assets from the Bank of Nova Scotia and the federal government. The legal arguments will take months to resolve, and the court ruling may doom the federal government's controversial plan to restructure Newfoundland's deep-sea fishing industry. But there are far more profound issues involved. The outcome of the case will directly affect the future job prospects of thousands of fishermen and 3,000 FPL plant workers. Even more important are fears that because of the deep-sea fishing industry's collapse, the entire fishing industry in Atlantic Canada is headed for collapse. Already, U.S. fish buyers in Boston, who bought roughly \$1 billion of fish products from Atlantic Canada last year, are worried about the source of their supply.

Their uncertainty is likely to increase. FPL is not only trying to regain the assets seized last month by the Bank of Nova Scotia but the 1,500-employee firm is also working with the Newfoundland government to raise money to pay off its \$40-million debt. If FPL succeeds, it will not only destroy the rationale for the federal government's restructuring plan by taking itself, the largest company, out of receivership, it will also put Premier Brian Peckford's government in charge of the processing industry.

Surrounding the dispute is a dizzying array of potential economic and political conflicts. For one thing, along with the bank FPL is suing the federal government which, in fact, owns a fifth of the company through the Canada Development Corp. (CDC) controls 58.2 of CDC's voting shares, and CDC owns 40 per cent of FPL. Complaining the last even more, Leo Barry, a government member of the Newfoundland House of Assembly, is acting as legal counsel for the Bank of Nova Scotia against FPL. At the same time, Newfoundland is trying to rescue FPL from receivership.

Clearly, the stakes are high. In August the bank called FPL's loan when it refused to go along with the federal government's restructuring plan. To invest \$75 million in a new supercompany formed from the wreckage of three financially devastated plants, including FPL, in its latest FPL alleges that in a secret agreement the bank and Ottawa agreed to shift over its assets without fair compensation. As was FPL alleges that Ottawa promised to give the bank \$40.6 million to help cover its bad loans.

For its part, the province is withholding comment about the negotiations in the hope that they will produce an acceptable result by giving Newfoundland undisputed control over the offshore fishery. And for now the fishing industry can only nervously monitor the courtrooms closely and hope for a swift settlement—a hope that is fragile at best.

—BONNIE WOODCOCK/ST. ST. John's



Bennett (left): setting an example

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YOUR COMMUNICATIONS LIFELINE



Greenpeace (left) and anti-nuclear supporters: still worried about anti-Soviet reaction

An unlikely blow to the cruise

Opponents of cruise missile testing in Canada have won a skirmish, but a long fight has ahead. Last week, they scored a victory in the Federal Court of Canada that bolstered their forces—and made legal history at the same time. A coalition of antinuclear groups won a key decision that opens the way to a trial on their application for an injunction to prevent the tests. That decision was also a landmark for the 1982-83 Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. The main issue in the day-long hearing was whether a judge would have power under the Charter to overrule the July cabinet decision to approve the tests which were requested by the U.S. government.

Speaking for the government, justice department lawyer Graham Gibson argued that Canadian, U.S. and British judges have ruled that cabinet decisions on foreign policy and defence cannot be reviewed by the courts. Gibson asked the court to quash the application for an injunction without a trial. Lawrence Greenpeace, lawyer for the two dozen antinuclear groups in the case, pleaded that the Charter has seriously changed the law—that the courts now may decide whether the cabinet has illegally breached guaranteed rights and freedoms. Said Greenpeace: "Never before has any court heard argument in Canada about the constitutional validity of an executive action." The case was novel, but it was quickly settled by Mr. Justice Allen Côté, a freely and eloquently 70-year-old veteran of the Federal Court bench. Ruled Côté: "In my view there is a palpable sense of conspiracy to be tried." The given Greenpeace 30 days to file a defence, and a trial on Greenpeace's application is expected to

follow shortly afterward.

In the trial itself, the antinuclear forces will have to try to show that the missile tests will contribute to the arms race, increase the threat of nuclear war, make Canada a more likely target for nuclear attack and as a result constitute a violation of the Charter right to "life, liberty and security of the person." As well, the coalition must convince the court that it has the constitutional authority to issue an injunction against the tests. Greenpeace admitted that the effort will be "difficult." And the next day Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau told the Commons that the case would not delay the tests, due to start this winter.

Outside the courtroom, the arms-control movement has been trying to gauge the public reaction to the Soviet attack on the Korean TIT passenger plane. Some activists fear that the public outrage over the Soviet attack will cause an arms-control treaty with Moscow less likely, if only because Western governments might feel less popular pressure to compromise. It might also make cruise testing a more acceptable policy. On the other hand, said New Democrat MP Pauline Jewett, the airline episode "makes people more alert to the danger of nuclear weapons." Added Liberal MP Paul Morin: "It has demonstrated that the world is a much more dangerous place." And Conservative External Affairs critic Ronald Stewart, a staunch supporter, urged the Commons last week not to let condemnation of the Soviets destroy the chances for "meaningful disarmament." As for the cruise, opponents now hope it can be derailed and grounded by the courts.

—JOHN HAY in Ottawa.

The high cost of community action

The court decision was a costly one for Canadian environmentalists. Last week 17 Nova Scotia families stood to lose their houses, farms, businesses and lands after a lengthy legal battle to prevent herbicide spraying in the province failed. In a judgment delivered last Thursday, provincial Supreme Court Justice D. Merlin Nane ruled that the use of two controversial herbicides, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, was safe and that the plaintiffs—mostly farmers, truck drivers and artists—would have to pay court costs and damages estimated at close to \$500,000. At the same time, the decision warned community activists against the strategy who feared that the ruling on costs might set a legal precedent in public interest law cases. "It's pretty well becoming a practical certainty that we could lose everything," said Elizabeth May, the environmentalist and activist lawyer who helped lead the action. "We may not be given enough time to raise the money before they grab personal property."

The Nova Scotia environmentalists were the first round in their legal battle in August 1982, when they obtained a temporary injunction against the giant Swedish-owned forestry firm, Nova Scotia Forest Industries (NSFI), to stop herbicide spraying. One of the herbicides, 2,4,5-T, has been banned or severely restricted in Ontario, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, the United States, Denmark and Italy. In Sweden both chemicals are banned in forestry. During the month-long trial that began last May, expert witnesses testified that forests caused cancer and birth defects in humans. Still, in a 180-page decision Nane agreed with the 100 witnesses who said that the herbicide spraying posed no health risk and denied a permanent injunction.

The losers now are contemplating whether or not to launch an appeal. For financial reasons alone the risks are great, and the appeal procedure could drag on for years. At the same time, the families are already looking for ways to save their properties. For May, however, an even greater concern is that the outcome may deter other environmentalists from taking legal action in future. "After a case like this, will anyone ever go to court on an issue that involves the public interest?" she asked. "This is what I feared the most—not only failing, but setting a bad precedent." For community activists, that precedent may well be the most sinister aspect of last week's decision. —MICHAEL CLARKE in Halifax.



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A nation's self-destruction

By Michael Posner

The fighting was the most brutal—and deadly—in the latest phase of Lebanon's fratricidal civil war. In the strategic Chouf Mountain village of Suk al-Gharb, 1,200 Lebanese Army soldiers cling to their positions in vicious hand-to-hand fighting with Druse militia assault teams. At the same time, various factions killed hundreds of civilians as the action intensified. At Khaleh another Druse force penetrated to within less than a kilometre of its objective, the vital coastal highway running south from Beirut to the Israeli border. The fall of Khaleh, Western analysts warned, would leave the government of President Amr Gemayel effectively imprisoned in the capital. To ease the pressure, Gemayel's military commanders ordered fire of Lebanon's eight ancient Hawker Hunter fighter jets to strike Druse positions in the Chouf. But the first operational sortie by the Lebanese air force since 1975 was a costly failure. One of the aircraft was shot down by anti-aircraft fire, and another was hit but managed to land safely at a British base in Cyprus. Still, observers said that the air operations provided a much-needed morale boost to the besieged ground forces, and a second strike on Saturday fared better with no Lebanese hit.

The mounting military threat to Gemayel's crumbling power became all the more ominous after U.S. and Saudi mediators failed to secure even a temporary ceasefire. At the same time, analysts expressed renewed fears that the conflict might escalate even further. In an ironic footnote to last week's negotiation by an Israeli, demoralized Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, the man who launched last year's invasion of Lebanon and Druse guerrillas, Lebanese and Druse spokesmen said that 150 units had joined Druse militiamen in the Chouf. In response, Israeli armored patrols moved about 24 km north of their forward positions on the Awali River and at least one knowledgeable Israeli offi-

cial predicted an early encounter with the Palestinian forces. There were also indications that Iranian and Syrian brigades are fighting alongside the Druse and Shi'ite Muslim militiamen.

Indeed, many veteran observers contended that a negotiated truce between the Syrian-backed Druse and their Christian Phalange and Lebanese Army opponents would simply provide a temporary calm before another out-

burst of violence. Still, U.S. special envoy Robert McFarlane and Saudi Prince Bandar bin Sultan pressed Syrian President Hafez al-Assad to agree to a ceasefire in the Chouf—a deal that would give the Druse control of more than 80 per cent of the region. They added that all other outstanding issues—including the future role of the Lebanese Army and the degree of power that Gemayel would give to the Muslims in a new, national reconciliation government—would be settled in all-party negotiations.



Lebanese Army soldier at Suk al-Gharb; vicious hand-to-hand fighting raged on

To add force to its argument, Washington announced that U.S. marine commandos can now call in air and naval support from a dozen U.S. warships cranking off the Lebanese coast—without prior clearance from the Pentagon.

The order was intended partly to protect the 1,200-man marine contingent bunkered at the still-closed Beirut International Airport and was implemented Saturday when the Marines again came under fire. But it was also a signal, as one Reagan administration official put it, to the Syrians of Washington's determination to continue supporting the beleaguered Gemayel government.



Muslim militia rock at bunker; U.S. helicopter gunship; Lebanese soldiers under fire; warzone remains an accepted fact of life





Disputed sectarian gunmen, the Syrians more powerfully entrenched than ever

shore, together with more than 100 U.S. aircraft. And President Ronald Reagan has expressly authorized their use to defend both international units and the Lebanese Army. But the masked night of the U.S. forces did not seem to influence either Assad or Druze chiefs. Wafiq Hamid told, in response to the air strike by Lebanese forces, Hamid suspended ceasefire talks.

The Maronite presence is an increasingly dangerous war zone as an intense debate in Washington. The argument is in part politically motivated, pitting the president's Middle East policy against his critics in Congress. Reagan has pledged to support a strong central government in an independent Lebanon. But many observers argue that neither the Lebanese Army nor Washington's French, Italian and British allies in the multinational force will be able to sustain General. Further, they insist, is inevitable.

The debate is also constitutional. The president, as commander-in-chief, has the right to commit U.S. troops to combat. But under the 1953 War Powers Resolution, he is required to report to Congress when U.S. forces engage in hostilities. In that event, unless Congress specifically authorizes the troops to remain the president must withdraw them within 90 days.

The administration has so far refused to invoke the resolution, claiming that the Maronite role in Beirut is strictly defensive and that they are not involved in combat. The White House also wants to avoid a protracted debate in Congress on the merits of U.S. policy in Lebanon, although a congressional majority probably favors the Maronite continued effort. But, equally important, Reagan is reluctant to commit any constitutional limit to the White House's power over foreign policy. "Both sides are thinking of the president," said Ellen Collier, a Congressional Research Service analyst. "It's a marker for the future. The president does not want his flexibility reduced. Congress wants to preserve its role in shaping foreign policy."

Like the three superpowers in Lebanon, efforts to reach a compromise in Washington last week ended in failure. House and Capital Hill signatures met daily, seeking a mission that would permit the Marines to stay unconditionally but still concede the applicability of the War Powers Resolution.

Late in the week the talks broke off, and Senate Democrats promptly tabled a resolution demanding that Reagan acknowledge that U.S. troops have been in combat for more than 90 days, when two Marines were killed. Now, Congress must

first refer the resolution to the Senate foreign relations committee, and it would require passage by both the Republican-controlled Senate and the House of Representatives to become law. Even then, Reagan would likely veto it, favoring a two-thirds vote by which House to override him. It is considered far more probable that some accommodation will be reached, perhaps this week.

Most congressional Democrats and Republicans alike believe that the Maronite's insistence could be disastrous for U.S. policy in the region. Noted House Speaker Thomas O'Neill, not usually a supporter of administration policies, "If Syria thinks America is divided and it can wait around until we pull out, they are wrong."

Still, U.S. voters are slowly recognizing that there will not be an easy exit from the quagmire. It will be at least a year before the 35,000-man Lebanese Army is physically capable of enforcing peace. Among Lebanon's 17 religious sects, blood feuds are an accepted fact of life, and all sides last week reported massacres by Druze and Christian militias. The killings were a cruel finale to a week that marked the first anniversary of the tragedy at Sabra and Shatila, which resulted in international demands for the expulsion of Israeli forces from Lebanon. In Washington is pressing Israel to launch air strikes against Druze positions in the Chouf Mountains. The plea, dropped by the Israeli invasion, was aimed at Lebanon. The Syrians, who were defeated by Israeli tank forces, have rebuffed their strength with Soviet help and, with 40,000 troops in Lebanon, they are more powerfully entrenched than ever.

For Moslems. Begin, the week's events were especially poignant. After a war that had now seemed so successful, the former prime minister was literally a shadow of the indomitable figure who made a historic peace with Egypt. He sat in his Jerusalem apartment, surrounded by his friends, dejected and, recently exhausted at the latest time of the Jewish year. Cabinet Secretary Dan Mender delivered Begin's formal letter of resignation to Israeli President Chaim Herzog. Perhaps one of Begin's only comforts in his hour of despair is that even the combined weight of military forces from some of the most powerful nations in the world is also incapable of imposing peace on a nation apparently determined to tear itself apart.

With Begin lying in Beirut and Eric Silver in Jerusalem.

THE SOVIET UNION

A failure in communication

It was a time when diplomacy seemed slowly faded and when rhetoric loudly strengthened the sense of tragic helplessness that has spread worldwide since the Soviet shot down a civilian Korean Airline 747. The clash between East and West deepened last week, and the U.S. Senate approved a House resolution condemning the Soviet Union for destroying the KAL airliner on Sept. 1. Then Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, returning to ban on diplomatic flights by Aeroflot, the Soviet airlines, to New York airports, cancelled his appearance at this week's UN General Assembly session. New York Gov. Mario Cuomo and New Jersey Gov. Thomas Rowan imposed the ban. And although the state department offered to let Gromyko fly to a military base, the Soviet news agency, Tass, charged that the United States had delayed international flights, by failing to guarantee the safety of the head of a Soviet delegation and that Gromyko's visit was impossible.

In Ottawa, External Affairs Minister Allan Rockland said that discussion had begun with families of the 26 Canadians killed on the flight to set a figure for claims for compensation from the Soviet Union. The United States and South Korea are taking similar action. Then a majority of members attending an emergency session of the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) in Montreal "deeply deplored" the Soviet action and called for an international inquiry into the incident. For their part, the Soviets again declared that the ill-fated aircraft was a Korean plane, was working secretly for the Central Intelligence Agency, an elaboration of a Kremlin explanation that Flight 007 had been in a spying mission. An attempt by the estranged nations to pursue in Ottawa to deliver a demand for compensation received a rebuff from Soviet chargé d'affaires Alexander Nevilov: "You have the wrong object, you should send it to the U.S. government," he said.

Meanwhile, Western governments searched for ways to fly huge severed dismembered bodies stranded in Moscow as a result of a 16-hour boycott of flights to the Soviet capital. The situation was complicated by Aeroflot's resistance on handling all new ticket arrangements.

At the same time, search vessels continued to comb the Sea of Japan for the jumbo jet's two flight recorders, which may offer the best hope of explaining what happened on one of the most significant last week as an example of the need for Washington and Moscow to

of first evidence. Western officials could only construct flimsy theories about why a Soviet interceptor pilot destroyed the civilian airliner. Gen. Goro Takada, a respected former chairman of the Joint Staff Council of the Japan Defense Agency, for one, produced the only convincing new explanation last week. Takada suggested that Soviet incompetence in identifying the airliner was at the heart of the issue. He said



Searching northern Japanese shores a scene of despair and helplessness

that Western intelligence recordings showed that the interceptor pilot failed to fire colored warning rockets, part of standard Soviet practice on approaching unknown aircraft. As well, Takada said, the tracer shells which the Soviet pilot fired from 9,000 feet behind the Korean plane may have fallen short of the KAL pilot's vision. "Not only that, but the interrogations were too low on, and it was close enough to distinguish Flight 007 for what it was—a peaceful jumbo. The general conclusion," the methods [the Soviets] employed in their interrogation were not good ones."

The tragedy also brought to public attention just how critical communications methods become when a superpower's security is involved. Indeed, former U.S. secretary of defense Robert McNamara, now a defense and international finance consultant, used the KAL incident last week as an example of the need for Washington and Moscow to

communicate more effectively. McNamara declared, "We would both be so much better off if before shutting down the damned thing the Soviets had gotten in touch with us."

The Korean jet's destruction fell far short of creating a superpower showdown. But McNamara offered previously classified examples of how perilously close to war both Washington and Moscow have come over similar incidents. He revealed that in June, 1967, then Soviet Premier Alexei Kossygin used the so-called "hotline" to Washington to warn the Americans of a potential showdown during the Arab-



Israeli war. McNamara, who was serving as President Lyndon Johnson's administration at the time, said that the Soviets were averted by U.S. naval movements near the war zone and by erroneous media reports that U.S. jets had added Israel by bombing Jordan. "The Kossygin message was very tough," McNamara recalled. "If you won war, you'll have war," he paraphrased Kossygin as saying.

McNamara's conclusions about superpower communications were echoed at the ICDO session in Montreal. Sam Caswell, an delegate Alan Berg. "We want to get as much information as possible about the incident and use what can be done to prevent it happening again." But after the aircraft left by Flight 007 less communication between East and West—968 more—seems to be a more likely prospect.

—JARED MYSTWILL, in Toronto, with correspondents' reports



Begin, spiritually exhausted



Austrians swarming Pope John Paul II, delivering a family in Vienna (above); subdued rhetoric on Eastern Bloc repression

AUSTRIA

The Pope's subdued diplomacy

Ever since Pope John Paul II announced in 1981 that he planned to visit Austria, the preparations caused increasing apprehension in Vienna. For one thing, the Austrian officials feared that a strident tradition of dissent between liberal Catholics and Vatican conservatives might erupt in public. For another, government leaders were concerned that the Pope might be too optimistic in his support for greater religious freedom in the Eastern Bloc. That would have jeopardized Austria's cherished status as a neutral in the East-West struggle. Last week at the end of John Paul's four-day sojourn at least some of the initial caution seemed to have been justified. Even the Pope himself gave a guarded evaluation of the visit. He declared that he was "certain" that his rhetoric had strengthened the resolve of the church in the Eastern Bloc. But he was much more reserved about its impact in Austria. Said Vienna church historian Hans Jensch-Schle: "The only hopes that he has reinforced these are still take their roots seriously. He is optimistic in public but not in private."

The fact is that many of Austria's 6.7 million Catholics—87 per cent of the population—do take their religion seriously though not necessarily in a way in which the Pope would approve. Sentiment is strong on a wide range of questions, from the despised Iron-Curtain church levy, to an uncorruptible to all those whose birth certifi-

cates identify them as Roman Catholic, to the ordination of women. During the official welcoming ceremony in a Vienna football stadium, the Pope was handed two bound volumes of letters from young Catholics asking why the church does not permit its priest to marry. He members of the priesthood and why the church does not take a tougher line on nuclear disarmament and environmental problems. The Pope's answer to such complex questions: "You know the 10 commandments, all you



have to do is obey them."

The non-Catholic minority also reacted to the visit. At least 18 counter-demonstrations were taking place as the Pope held his European Vignette after his arrival. Most of them, like the "Alternative Pope Festival," originally billed as the "Anti-Pope Festival," were organized by left-wing organizations. Still, only a few thousand people attended the counter-demonstrations, compared with a few hundred thousand at the official rallies. Nevertheless, police ruthlessly dispersed the protesters, and Catholic bystanders beat up one man who was seeking the Pope's aid to cure a knee complaint.

Catholics themselves were also disappointed by the Pope's comparatively subdued rhetoric on Eastern Bloc repression of the church, particularly in neighboring Czechoslovakia. The Czech authorities have successfully split the Roman Catholic Church by declaring that priests can be ordained only by official permission of the state and by holding priests to join the state-controlled Parnis in Czechoslovakia. Not only that, but Frantisek Cardinal Tomasek, the 86-year-old Czech primate, was refused a passport to take part in the papal visit to Austria. But John Paul, perhaps in order not to embarrass the Austrian government, contained most of his remarks to private functions. Still, as the daily *Die Presse* editorialized, the Pope's presence "forced everyday Austria to make a choice." That fact alone is likely to encourage the Pope not to shrink entirely on future tours, including his scheduled visit to Canada in September, 1984.

—BUT MASTERSMAN IN VIENNA

SOUTH AFRICA

The rising winds of change and rebellion

When the security arm of the South African government first became aware of Steve Biko's Black Consciousness movement in the mid-1970s, the agency saw no need for alarm. It was widely believed that Biko's emphasis on black self-pride would complement the government's own policy of reinforcing individual tribal loyalties, an integral part of its program of steadily widening the chasm between black and white South Africa. Instead, Biko wanted blacks to surmount the sense of inferiority fostered by apartheid and to assert themselves. Then his followers began to clash with the white authorities—a combination that led to the 1976 Soweto riots, in which as many as 1,000 blacks died. The Black Consciousness movement was promptly banned. Biko himself was imprisoned and the following year he died of brain disease inflicted during a police interrogation.

Last week the country's 25-million-strong black community marked the sixth anniversary of Biko's death with nationwide rallies. His philosophy is clearly enjoying an unprecedented revival. And the black revival is taking place at a time when the white-supremacist establishment is seriously divided for the first time since the ruling National Party came to power in 1948. Prime Minister P. W. Botha, reacting to a cross-street, riotous and a growing moral distance on the aspects of apartheid, has made some token reforms. But these changes have split his party and thrown into confusion the state-declared Afrikaners who control it. A full-blown black political renaissance would throw the entire political process into even greater confusion.

The black reawakening began in June when 208 organizations associated with Biko's consciousness-raising ideas formed an alliance known as the National Forum. An even larger group emerged last month when 606 organizations sympathetic to the traditions of the original black nationalist movement, the African National Congress, outlawed in 1960, established the United Democratic Front. More than 10,000 people attended the front's inaugural rally in Cape Town, the country's largest ever black political meeting. At the same time, a third alliance made up of blacks who originally co-operated

with the government's system of separate tribal institutions but have since lost faith in the process, has also begun to emerge. The group includes the leaders of seven black "homelands" and the officially sanctioned "movement" of several aggregated black townships. They plan to launch their alliance, the South African Federal Alliance, in Johannesburg on Oct. 5. The union will try to organize a national



Biko's 1977 funeral: vigorous rebirth of black politics

convention to draft a new federal constitution.

Several developments have nurtured the rebirth of black political activity. For one thing, Prime Minister Botha's own plan to give token parliamentary representation to the mixed-race colored and Indian minorities while continuing to exclude the indigenous African majority has angered all the groups because they view it as an insult and as further evidence of white supremacist attitudes. For another, the government has allowed roughly 60 ban-

ning orders, restricting the freedom of black citizens to engage in any public life—or at least that minor social activity—to lapse. That has enabled some black politicians to become involved in the political movement, and they have helped to revitalize movements that had become moribund. Albertina Sisulu, for one, the wife of Walter Sisulu, jailed anti-apartheid president, has been elected one of the three leaders of the Democratic Front. The others include Sibusiso Cooper, 35, and Manto Moya, 32, both former colleagues of Biko, who were jailed for political offenses in 1976. They were released last December when the government adopted a more lenient attitude toward black activists.

Most South Africans believe that the official switch in policy is a result of pressure from Washington, which wants a demonstrable improvement in South African democracy (a life to justify continuing its controversial policy of "constructive engagement" with Pretoria). As well, Pretoria may have calculated that conflict between the rival black groups will prevent them from becoming an effective, unified force. To that end, it has sowed several sowans. Both the National Forum and the UDA plan to give token members of the Political Union as "collaborationists" while also disagreeing with each other.

The ANC movement, now reinvigorated in the Democratic Front, has always accused the Marxist doctrine that class conflict rather than race is the main reason for oppression in South Africa. It has a long tradition of working with what it calls "democratic" whites, many of whom are Communists. For their part, supporters of the Black Consciousness movement believe that the root of oppression are fundamentally racial and that black leadership, without whites, is essential to black liberation. As a corollary they are also virulently anti-Communist.

Both the Parnis and the Front are trying to de-emphasize these differences. The single group has the ability to usher in total change," declared Cooper. "We must co-operate without sacrificing principles." To prevent that happening, the government may again become more repressive but, in a sense, it has a time to take a black reinvestment that will shake the country.

—ALBERT SPARKS in Johannesburg

The storm that follows the calm

Ever since the assassination of opposition leader Benigno Aquino on Aug. 25, grief and anger have gripped the Philippines. And last week that fury threatened to explode into widespread anti-government agitation. Prominent opposition leader Salvador Laurel abruptly resigned from the National Assembly. Laurel, one of Aquino's principal allies, described the legislature in which all but 18 of 302 members were closely aligned with President Ferdinand Marcos as the president's puppet. Then, 10,000 business executives and office workers burst onto the broad avenues of Manila, Manila's

The capital's Roman Catholic archbishop, Jaime Cardinal Sin, stepped up the church's already high-profile opposition role in Filipino politics. Church officials distributed half a million copies of a pastoral letter in which Sin called for a five-minute period of prayer for "peace and justice" at noon each day, starting this week. In addition, Sin asked that the bells in Manila's 200 churches ring 10 times before and after the prayers. As long as the Marcos government continues to wield awesome control over Filipino society, the defiance will likely continue. Said José Gennisa, a management consultant

public confidence in the Marcos regime. For one thing, the five-man government commission investigating Aquino's murder has been widely dismissed as an arranged affair designed to clear Marcos of blame. Handled by Supreme Court Chief Justice Enrique Fernando, a close Marcos ally, the commission has been acridly nicknamed "Fernando's Highway." Not only that, but critics of the commission insist that it is in no position to protect witnesses appearing before it who may make unfavorable statements about the government. Already, the air force has taken the wife and family of alleged assassin Rolando Galano away from the country without explanation.

At the same time, Filipinos are increasingly uncertain about who is actually in control of the government. The sitting Marcos, who turned 66 last week—continues to make public appearances in which he dismisses opposition calls to resign. "What do they think the government is?" he recently asked on a televised interview. "A chaotic house that can change anytime!" Still, his poor health may have reduced his ability to participate in the daily running of the government and enabled senior members of the military to gain more power. Indeed, some observers have suggested that Aquino's assassination was only one element in a wider strategy for the succession to Marcos.

The question of who may have engineered Aquino's murder continues to plague the government. The British Broadcasting Corp. reported that a senior Filipino military official had sought asylum in Australia, claiming that his safety was threatened. The BBC said that Commodore José Pinar, a former logistics chief in the Filipino navy and now a military attaché at the Philippines' embassy in Canberra, had said he fears for his life.

The Marcos government repeatedly maintains that Aquino was killed by Galman, a well-known small-time criminal who was under contract either to an Aquino political rival or the Communist underground. But many Filipinos question this explanation. Indeed, a further explanation the government may make now will likely be drowned out by the clamor of Marcos' resignation. If last week's demonstration by Makasi's dead white-collar workers is any example, the tide of opposition may become impossible to turn back.

—JAMES MINICELLI, in Toronto



Opposition leader Laurel of Makasi rally. "The revolution has already begun"

financial district, to rally in support of Laurel. Amid showers of yellow confetti, typewriter ribbons and swirling flags of white paper, the crowd chanted "Marcos resign." Declared Laurel in a radio interview: "The revolution has already begun."

Certainly the white-shirt rally was one of the boldest expressions of defiance in Manila since the lifting of martial law three years ago. Said Laurel: "Businessmen and employees are usually the last to join any opposition or revolution." In scenes reminiscent of Thailand four years ago, the middle class seemed a clear message to Marcos and his 18-year-old regime. And Manila's usually orderly commercial district was not the only area of anti-Marcos activity

who attended the Makasi demonstration. "I have never seen anything like this before. This is a portent of things to come."

Indeed, the diverse elements of opposition to Marcos have moved quickly to coalesce in the aftermath of Aquino's assassination. Capitalizing on Filipino outrage, more than 50 opposition groups have hastily assembled an 11-member co-ordinating committee to oversee anti-Marcos protests. Political moderates dominate the committee and they intend to channel anger into non-violent agitation. "Our problem now," said former senator and opposition spokesman Francisco Rodriguez, "is how to hold our own people down."

The opposition has seriously eroded

BUSINESS

Nova Scotia's retiring business empire

The tightly knit Halifax financial community based with rumour last week that a major takeover deal was about to be consummated. It was claimed that Sobey Stores Ltd., the Atlantic province's largest supermarket chain with 1982 sales of more than \$500 million, was negotiating with Toronto-based Argon Corp. to buy its Dominion-based grocery stores. Argon, a major player in the region, as well as a major food wholesaler operation. The estimated price tag: \$15 to \$20 million. But by week's end, the highly sensitive speculation appeared to have ended, at least temporarily. On Friday, Sobey Stores chairman William Sobey emerged to tell Macdon's weekly that there was "no deal." He refused to elaborate.

Neither party would even confirm that they are discussing a deal. But widely rumored talks did underline the acquisitive mood that is permeating the Halifax-based Sobey family empire. Through a powerful holding company, Empire Company Ltd., the family not only owns the controlling interest in Sobey's Stores but it oversees a vast portfolio of investments in companies involved in everything from real estate, oil exploration and drug stores to pay TV. The Sobey's record as entrepreneurs has earned the family a place in Maritime business folklore, shared only by such other clans as the Irving and the McDunn. And as last week's rumored talks made clear, the Sobey's are not content to rest on their laurels. Says William Sobey: "We are always looking for new investments."

Unlike many family businesses that founder and collapse when the master of control is passed down to succeeding generations, the Sobey family dynasty has become more and more successful—as new heirs have stepped in. The patriarch of the conservative, United Church-going Sobey clan is Frank, 61. He was the driving force behind the development of the family's business from the small butcher shop that his father, John, opened in Stirlington in 1906. Frank joined the family business as a full partner in 1938, running it with his brother Harold. But through his drive and ambition he quickly became the dominant force in the company and oversaw a steady expansion of its operations. By 1946, when

Sobey's Stores Ltd. was incorporated, the family operated 14 retail grocery stores in Nova Scotia as well as a bakery and wholesale warehouses. In the following decades that growth continued, and the Sobey family currently operates the largest food wholesaler and retail network in the Atlantic province. And so admiring Halifax commentators declare: "They are the Canadian Tire of the grocery business down here."

But while the supermarket trade formed the backbone of the Sobey's fortune, it has become a successful business through the investments made by Empire Co., which the family controls

business and community affairs in the Maritime and downstages in a host of major companies across the country, they have cemented the family's reputation in the Maritime business establishment. From \$27 million in 1974, the firm's assets have swollen to an estimated \$386 million. Indeed, its investment portfolio ranks lists a directory of blue-chip companies. Empire's holdings include minority interests in Prolog Inc., a Montreal-based food retailer; Dominion Textile Inc. of Montreal; and First Choice Canadian Communications Corp., the Toronto-based pay TV network. In total, it has investments in more than 35 major firms.



The Sobey clan—Frank, William, Donald and David: a part of Maritime business folklore

and manages Frank Sobey acquired the charter of the company early in his career. But it became the vehicle for a series of investments in a wide range of companies and by 1976 it had been turned into a lucrative money-spinner for the family with more than \$27 million in assets. Said Frank Sobey recently: "I've made more money out of other people's businesses than I have out of my own."

Now he spends much of his time at a winter home in Bermuda, although he still works half-days at the office when he is in Halifax and he is consulted as major decisions. The rules of Empire Co. have passed to the older boys: William, 56, David, 55, and Donald, 48. Through numerous investments in

Members of the Halifax business community are quick to praise the Sobey men's abilities. "Frank has been blessed with bright boys," said a Halifax broker, who asked not to be identified. Then, referring to the next generation waiting in the wings, he added: "And it looks like the next generation will be at least as good as you." For his part, William Sobey had little time for such long-term speculation last week. Asked whether he expects his two sons to continue the family business, he replied: "Who knows? Most family firms don't last past the third generation." His family may prove the exception to that rule.

—JAMES MINICELLI in Toronto, with Stephen Rimmer in Halifax



Minor when forestry work stops, it shakes the province

The crisis in B.C.'s forests

In a province already torn by economic problems and labor discontent, the latest results gave a warning of more turmoil to come. During 17 weeks of joint contract talks between British Columbia's 62,000 forestry workers and their employers, the unions had adamantly rejected company demands for contract concessions. Then, last week leaders of the largest union involved, the 42,000-member B.C. branch of the International Woodworkers of America (IWA), resolved an overwhelming strike mandate from their members. From Kelowna in the Okanagan Valley to Port Alberni on Vancouver Island, the initial results favored a walkout by a margin of 80 to 20 per cent.

The development hastened the province's beleaguered labor movement, but it was a major setback for its forestry companies. They are only beginning to emerge from a prolonged slump in the industry, which has led to widespread losses and cutbacks in operations, and they insist that they need contract concessions to maintain it at recovery. That demand is in dispute, but there is no disagreement on the fact that a prolonged strike in the province's largest industry would devastate an economy that is only slowly emerging from the recession. Forestry is by far British Columbia's largest industry, and even with recession-battered revenues of \$4.3 billion in 1982—down from \$7.6 billion in 1980—it accounts for fully 42 per cent of the province's manufacturing. When the workers in the woods and the mills are off the job, British Columbia almost literally grinds to a halt.

After collectively losing about \$1 bil-

lion last year largely because of the collapse in housing construction, the industry appears determined to win major changes in operating procedures as well as a wage settlement. As a result, British Columbia's forestry companies have been seeking changes in the contract, which expired in June, that would ease the hiring of non-union contractors, allow the companies to operate in shifts on weekends with some help and allow employees to forgo vacation and take extra pay instead. For their part, the unions, while not making any substantial wage demands, are adamant in their stand against concessions.

Some companies have indeed been advised. Jack Munro, the IWA's national president, has indicated that his members—whose wages rose 30 per cent during the last two-year contract—to 1966 an hour—will forgo any further increases for one year. But disagreements over the length of the contract continue to pose a problem.

The last contract agreement, in 1961, brought a six-day strike to an end, but many forestry workers have not spent much time back on the job since then. Currently, 25 per cent of the industry's workers are laid off. At the same time, the brutal impact of high mortgage rates and the recession, which have softened housing demands, have only served to hinder the companies' status. For now, the two sides appear locked on a collision course. But at a time when the industry and its employees have already suffered more than two years of hardship, the costs of a walkout for both sides are formidable.

—ART MASON in Vancouver

Phone breakup Japanese-style

It would be the biggest breakup in Japan's corporate history, rivaling even Gen. Douglas MacArthur's post-Second World War reorganization of the country's powerful trading companies. After 35 years of profitable state ownership, the Tokyo-based Nippon Telegraph and Telephone seems destined to lose its telecommunications monopoly and may have portions of its operations sold to the private sector in a divestiture similar to that planned for the U.S. Bell System by American Telephone and Telegraph.

With assets of nearly \$50 billion and a profit last year of \$1.9 billion, NTT has become a dominant force in the world's booming telecommunications industry. Its four research laboratories provide the front line of Japan's efforts in microchip and computer technology. But NTT's awesome market power has placed it at the center of political controversy in recent years. Accused by declining revenues from its stagnating market for phones and telegraph services, NTT executives have taken the initiative to press for an anti-trust divestiture. At the same time, factions within the government are proposing separate reorganization plans which involve selling shares to the public and therefore a huge influx of cash into government coffers.

From NTT's point of view, selling off its appreciable operations would be a clear corporate move. Demand for phones is off by more than a third from peak times while the telephone business, following the path of terminal decline since 1970, is now in a free fall. The trends have been clear since NTT was founded to redress. But more important, the company as well as the government, believes that its current structure is slowing the development of computers and telecommunications in Japan. Unless the process is speeded up, many fear that Japanese electronics companies will fall behind foreign firms in this growing field.

It is not without considerable past year, one of three breakup schemes will come to the forefront. NTT, for its part, would like to be turned over to private ownership within five years using a plan similar to the current dismembering of AT&T under which a portion of the company would remain public. Research laboratories and accounting services would fall under the control of a government-owned company while local telephone services would be turned over to five regional public utilities. Communications services, data communications and household services would go to private sector

firms. On the other hand, the ruling Liberal Democratic party favors leaving NTT more or less intact but with a crucial difference. Under their proposal the firm would cease marketing shares that would be held by the state. As well, the plan would still leave the ministry of posts and telecommunications with the power to approve NTT's rates and long-term plans in executive matters. But a third plan favored by the powerful ministry of international trade and industry would leave NTT as essentially a research company—along the lines of AT&T's Bell Labs—while turning service over to several regional companies.

Whichever scheme wins out, it should free NTT from the political heat it has long incurred in the past. Japan's government agencies and corporations, like the notoriously unprofitable Japan National Railways. For one thing, that would spare NTT from government-imposed industry measures. In part, by the poor performance of other state-controlled firms. The relationship with the government has also been strained in the past because NTT, unlike most government-owned companies, is not spared the pain of budgetary restraints. For a lot of its monopoly profits, the Japanese government imposed a \$200-million (U.S.) tax on NTT's "excess" profits last year. Complaints Akira Matsu, an NTT senior managing director, "What we have done in the past 35 years is combine the best of the bureaucracy and private industry."

It is not likely, however, that a reorganization will help long-standing attempts by foreign suppliers to peddle their wares to NTT. Currently, most of NTT's hardware comes from a tightly knit family of 300 domestic suppliers (among them, the Nippon Electric Co., Hitachi Ltd. and Sony Corp.) and Fujitsu Ltd.). The only major crack in the system came in 1981 when, following intense pressure from the United States, NTT purchased 45,000 Intel 8086 chips from Motorola Inc. But then the firm has bought so little else from overseas that the United States' special trade representative, William Brock, has said the soon-to-expire U.S.-Japan telecommunications equipment agreement is not worth renewing.

The only opposition to some form of reorganization for NTT comes from the company's labor union, Zen Do-Ten Union President Akira Yamaguchi says that selling off chunks of the company would mean a loss of the "people's" "greatly appreciated" but what should be public property. But with the government, NTT and private industry convinced that dismembering is the only way to meet Japan's future information needs, the phone company's breakup seems almost a fait accompli. —PETER MCGILL in Tokyo

Crash of a computer pioneer

When Adam Osborne, an eccentric, British-born entrepreneur, later tells the North American computer industry in 1984 with a novel product and a flourish of bravado, few industry analysts were impressed. Most of those dismissed as economically impossible his efforts to market a minicomputer, portable computer and a package of high-quality software for less than \$2,000 (U.S.). But sales of the tiny Osborne 1 suddenly boomed, and a series of imitators appeared on the scene. Then, last week, Osborne's California-based firm, Osborne Computer Corp., became a victim



Osborne is better times: a shakeout may loom

of its own success. With its market share and balance sheet ravaged by the products of expensive imitative competitors, Osborne Computer filed for reorganization under U.S. bankruptcy laws.

The demise of Osborne was the first major failure in what many analysts say is an imminent shakeout in the increasingly competitive personal computer industry. Already this year large computer firms, such as Texas Instruments, Atari and Mattel, have reported huge losses. And the introduction this fall of such new personal computers as the "Toshiba," Apple's "Macintosh" and the "Adam" from Colecovision is likely to lead to further upheavals. Currently,

and Alexander Biele, an industry analyst with San Jose-based Dataquest Inc., "there are 200 firms making money in the \$1,000 to \$2,000 price range." But by 1987, he predicted, that number will shrink to 100. "The most valuable firms," Biele said, are the smaller operations that specialize in particular segments of the market.

Indeed, Osborne's experience supports Biele's view. The industry originally coalesced when the 40-year-old entrepreneur declared that his product would make him the Henry Ford of the computer industry. Biele's initial success of his brainchild, the Osborne 1,

which was the first computer to combine a disc drive, screen and keyboard in a portable package—shook the market. After selling 8,000 units in 1981 the company sold 110,000 units worth nearly \$200 million in 1982. But a sudden spate of competitors offering more enticing portable models tossed its fortunes around. Since then, Osborne has said, "that the year there are about 90 different portable models available and that they are either better priced or better designed than Osborne's—the major design flaw was the tiny screen-by-teletexter screen." To stay afloat, Osborne Computer scrambled to introduce an improved and slightly higher-priced executive computer. But the company made a marketing error when it announced the new model last spring, six months before it could begin shipments. Now orders for the Osborne—and the company's cash flow—dried up. As a result, the company had to shut off all but 80 of its 375-per-week work force on Sept. 9. Then last week, after three creditors filed suits to recover a total of nearly \$5 million in debt, Osborne filed for protection under U.S. bankruptcy laws. Now, with an influx of \$300,000 in emergency financing from its largest creditors, Osborne is expected to attempt to restructure its debt. But with only \$1 million in assets, that will be a formidable task.

—JAMES FLEMING in Toronto

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An eastern 'mega' renaissance

By Peter C. Newman

The magic megaprojects that were to have catapulted the Canadian economy into the 1980s are only memories now, but one of them, supposedly the largest of all, may yet bring back its life. This possible renaissance has much to do with Alastair Gilgipie, the Trades government's former energy, and later trade, minister accused of using party connections to obtain federal funds for his company. Gilgipie went to ground after the 1980 election in Parliament. He was forced to retire from his planning directorship—chairman of Catering O'Keefe—and vanished from the Toronto power circuit.

But instead of brooding, Gilgipie has been working away at what could eventually result in a \$1.5-billion development for Nova Scotia. "This is a sample of what we make," he says, pulling out a vat of sticky-looking liquid. "Does that look like made oil?" Most of his Toronto companions, whose idea of a desirable liquid is not conjecture, dry snort, look suitably baffled as the former minister answers his own question: "By no stretch of the imagination can you say this is crude oil," he says. "What's here is an extremely superior product. Our test program has produced high-quality liquids, yet feel and smell identical to the real liquid. Nova Scotia coal is among the best in the world for direct liquefaction. Another way of putting it is that we could produce more oil in Cape Breton sooner, with less risk and at a lower cost than any oil in the Western Hemisphere."

What Gilgipie and his backers (who include some of the biggest names in the Canadian energy game) are planning is a 25-year scheme to turn the Maritime province's surplus coal into oil products at the rate of 250,000 barrels a day. This would be a great total of 800 million barrels of oil, all of it produced with low environmental risk than stirring up the sea's waters. And northern projects must absorb heavy transportation costs, while the Cape Breton development would not, because it is much closer to its market. But it is not yet certain that the Cape Breton project could proceed at today's prices. "Right now," Gilgipie claims, "we can produce the oil at a lower cost than the existing international oil. But the rate of return on the project isn't adequate yet—though it is looking more attractive all the time." The project is based on buying Nova Scotia coal at a healthy \$70 a ton

and piping in the required natural gas from the fields of Noble Island.

Gilgipie estimates that if it goes ahead, the project will create 2,000 permanent positions, including about 1,250 new jobs for miners. His first get interested in the liquefaction process while with the Canadian Institute of International Affairs visiting South Africa in December, 1979. He repeatedly asked his hosts about the Rand coal liquefaction plant, which produces two-thirds of the country's oil requirements, but



Gilgipie: something important going on

couldn't get any answers. So he flew over the plant in a small plane. "It was as big as Synkrade," he recalls. "I knew there had to be something we could apply to Canada and after trying a lot more doors I was finally put in touch with the Fluor Corp in California, which had engineered the system. We have made that covering technology the base case for our feasibility study."

Gilgipie claims that the Nova Scotia coal could produce four barrels of oil per

ton, compared with only 1.5 barrels in South Africa, because the coal there has a much higher ash content. US companies tested the Canadian coal, and Gulf Canada, one of the partners in the deal, did the final engine-testing.

The consortium backing Gilgipie consists of Gulf Canada, Petro Canada, Nova, Cape Breton Development Corp. (Denco) and the Crown-owned Nova Scotia Resources Ltd. About \$5 million has so far been spent on feasibility studies, another \$1.5 million will be needed to establish the probability of the process. Robert Shumate, a Canadian consulting engineer who spent 15 years with Royal, is the project's technical adviser.

"When you think about it," Gilgipie enthuses, "what other potential megaproject already has all the social services in place—the schools, housing and police forces?" The plant would probably be located at Port Hawkesbury, N.S., which is accessible by rail and deep water and has a huge unfutilized power plant. "We'll be doing with a number of local community groups this fall to tell them why we're at and how it will affect their lives. I expect there will be many spin-off industries and that the technology itself will be marketable internationally."

The final decision to go or not will be taken a year from now, but Gilgipie is optimistic. "None of the partners is saying they're ready to commit to a \$1.5-billion project yet, but they're very encouraged," he says. "Few people realize what a great breakthrough this really is."

Looking back at his break with nature, Gilgipie has a cool view of the affair. "Everybody thought, 'There is something that strikes here,' and their suspicions were encouraged when More Lande told the Commons that he had been given no advice on the matter, though in fact he had." Nova Scotia and Ottawa have agreed to fund the program with up to \$1 billion through the Oil Substitution Fund, but that source is unlikely to meet up with further financial help. The controversy has sort the project everywhere except in Cape Breton. As Steven Rankin, president of Denco, told Gilgipie at the height of the parliamentary storm: "This may be hurting you, Alastair, and I'm sorry. But we're working as hard as possible for two years, and nobody paid the slightest attention. Now at least they know there is something important going on here."

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Anton: 'They were all waiting for something to fall out'

PEOPLE

The eighth annual Festival of Festivals extravaganza, in Toronto last week attracted hundreds of high-profile guests and thousands of dedicated film buffs and starbugs. Its organizers staged a special tribute for Robert De-

Vancouver Canucks' management invited **Dennis Hall**, 30, a fitness instructor, to this year's training camp, a was concerned about how the players would react. But the 45 players and hopefuls seem to have accepted the fitness craze now sweeping North America. As Bell led the players in 30-minute stretching and exercise sessions, early smiles turned to pained grimaces as some of them realized that she is in better shape than many of them are. The classes are just one part of a new program introduced by Canada's senior ice **Sylvester Stallone**, such and choreographer **Roger Hobbins**, who claims that the only special instructions he gave to Bell were to "be ready to handle [Dave] Tiger Williams," the team's scrappy captain. But Williams did not pose a problem. While the rest of the team arrived in standard grey shorts and T-shirts, the Tiger-strengtheners came—waxed!—in wearing a striped Dancin' and easy-blue Muscle Mouse leotards.

When the National Hockey League's

er's temperatures in a relaxed way," he said. **Susan Anton**, the lanky five-foot-11-inch companion of distinctive **Buckley Moore**, was also in Toronto for festival activities as well as for a stage performance that generated unexpected praise from local critics. Equally unexpected was the less-than-revealing stage attire of Hollywood's Golden Girl, **Said Anton**. "When I first started singing I had a dress that was slit up to here and down to there and I realized that as one was listening to me they were all waiting for something to fall out."

As for marriage plans with the five-foot-two-inch Moore, Anton said, "I don't want to marry that little cat. I can't even borrow his blue jeans."

Williams: having fun



people and take each other's

well have fun," he said with a shrug. "But I don't think I'll sign up for serious classes."

Two years ago, when life was good, Vancouver wheeler-dealer **Hastor Shalinski**, 45, and fellow entrepreneur **Mark Caproni**, 58, played racketball for \$5,000 a match. But the collapse of the real estate market—from which Shalinski made millions—has shown the outline king of fly that the other side of the coin is. In 1982 the bearded boy wonder found himself with a \$10-million personal debt and a second marriage on the rocks. Undaunted, Shalinski secured the promise of a second chance from both his creditors and his wife, **Rene**, and hoped to clear the entire debt four years ahead of schedule. Then, in September, the Central Financial



Stallone, fitness and star-obsessed game

Corp. Ltd. of Vancouver started an \$11,485-a-day foreclosure action against Shalinski Enterprises Ltd., claiming that he had not paid interest on his loan since August, 1980. Five days later the B.C. office of the superintendent of insolvency, real estate and insurance announced that it will take him to court on Jan. 17, charging that he failed to file an insolvency's trading report as the sole of stock in his company, Shalinski Enterprises. "Generally, if you haven't filed an insider's report, they ask you to file one," said Caproni. "It's very unusual to bring it up as a court case. But he's a survivor. The real question is if he can get backing from people as fast as he could when he was as rich as a good roll." Caproni and Shalinski continue to play racketball. But the betting is off. ☐

BEST OF WASTE



BEEFEATER: Spirit of England



Dezza (left), John Paul I and Pius IX, Koivunen (center), an extended ideological tug of war with a succession of popes

RELIGION

The new Black Pope of the Jesuits

Internal divisions, declining membership and an extended ideological tug-of-war with a succession of popes to whom Jesuits owe a vow of special obedience, have plagued the controversial 36,000-member order of Roman Catholic priests for at least a decade. But last week in Rome the Jesuits displayed an uncharacteristic sign of new pride and life by passing over a recognized papal favorite to elect as their new superior general Rev. Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, a respected Dutch ornamental scholar with long experience in the turbulent Middle East. After a lightning one-ballot voting session on Tuesday morning—10 days after the beginning of the order's 32nd general congress—a majority out of 211 major Jesuits unexpectedly elected Kolvenbach to the position of the new Black Pope, as Italians have always called the Jesuit leader. Kolvenbach, 54, replaces 75-year-old Rainer Jesuit, Peter Arrupe, whose liberal stand on church issues and unopposed re-election two years ago brought a simmering conflict with Pope John Paul II to a head. Since then Rev. Paolo Dezza, 81, a conservative whom the Pope appointed in October 1983, had served as the order's temporary administrator.

The silver-haired, bearded Kolvenbach returned to Rome from the Middle East in 1981 to head the Gregorian University's prestigious Pontifical Oriental Institute. Afterward, observers considered him a possible contender for the Jesuit leadership. But insiders also favored Rev. Giuseppe Pittini, the provincial superior for Africa. Many experts

had expected that he would win the post because he was Dezza's top aide and John Paul's alleged personal choice. The Pope's advent immediately infuriated him, the new Jesuit leader's election, even though he was in Vienna on the last leg of a four-day Austrian visit. But the claim is not likely to trouble the Polish pontiff.

A recognized linguist who speaks eight languages, Kolvenbach—the second Dutchman to hold that post in the order's 443-year history and the first belonging to the oriental rite of Roman Catholicism—is known for his firm line on delicate issues such as doctrine and discipline, and some church sources think he shares Pope John Paul's belief that priests should give precedence to spiritual matters and leave politics to laymen. The Vatican hierarchy is also acquainted with the new Jesuit leader. After returning to Rome in 1981 from Beirut, where he was a linguistic professor at the Jesuit St. Joseph's University and the order's Near-Eastern provincial superior, Kolvenbach became a member of the commission for dialogue with

the Russian Orthodox churches at the Pope's invitation.

Kolvenbach's unexpected election was significant by any measure. Jesuit sources in Rome said that his selection represented an attempt by the troubled Society of Jesus to bridge the gap between progressives and conservatives without surrendering the autonomy—

and the prestige—of an order that has suffered not only papal attack but also membership drain. Known for its astute and intellectually rigorous order has declined to about 30,000 from 36,000 in 1965. Said one Jesuit who lives in Rome (but who was not an election participant): "Voting for a person perceived, rightly or wrongly, as the Pope's man would have been a disaster for the order." He added that the brevity of Yares's vote—only 45 minutes—indicated that a vast consensus had quickly built up in favor of the Dutchman during the four-day period of consultation, or "murmuring," that preceded the actual election. Vatican observers agreed that Kolvenbach enjoys almost unanimous respect among Jesuits in



Rome. But the vote also indicated that many senior Jesuits had not recovered from their shock at the Pope's intervention in their internal affairs.

Originally founded by Saint Ignace of Loyola in the 16th century to help defend orthodoxy against the onslaught of the Reformation, the Society of Jesus—an elite order of educators and philosophers—has recently been at the forefront of theological conservatism and social and political modernism, particularly in the Third World. The order's dynamism under Arrupe, who, after his election in 1965, emphasized the Vatican's theme of social justice, brought the Jesuits into conflict with the papacy. But problems with the papacy remained muted until John Paul II mounted the throne of Saint Peter's in October, 1978.

In September, 1978, after only a year in office, the Pope sharply attacked the order's "socializing tendencies" and he later told Arrupe to ask Jesuits throughout the world to correct their "regrettable shortcomings." Despite his own obvious political involvement in the affairs of his Polish homeland, the Pope has repeatedly criticized the political activism of some Jesuits in the Third World and elsewhere. Recently, church conservatives have attacked Jesuits in Central and Latin America and in countries such as the Philippines for their involvement with political opposition groups. Traditionalists have also denounced the tendency of some Jesuits to take a rigid part in powerful social movements. In Nicaragua, two Jesuits held major posts in the left-wing Sandinista government. But the Pope has reprimanded even more traditional Jesuits. Three years ago Rev. Robert Imrhan, then a U.S. congressman from Maine, elected to Nicaragua's new legislative assembly, yielded to papal demands and agreed not to run for re-election.

Kolvenbach has inherited a difficult and delicate situation. Most observers expect him to make accommodations with the Vatican. But the new Jesuit leader will face renewed disputes over the interpretation of such key theological questions of the 20th century as abortion, women's ordination and celibacy. Some of these issues were settled in the remaining three or four weeks of the general congress, in which delegates will work out a program for the future. A key topic is expected to be justice. The transmission of the concept into national life may be Kolvenbach's major challenge. Pope John Paul previewed the potential conflict earlier this month when he warned that justice "must be exercised in conformity with your conscience as individuals and priests without giving up to the temptation to reduce the mission of the church to the dimensions of a single temporal project."

—SARIL GILBERT in Rome

MEDIA WATCH

Press lords and the law down under

By George Bain

Report Murdoch in the Australian Sun Thomas, or, looked at from the other side of the globe, Sun Thomas is a powerful figure. Murdoch has owned newspapers in his homeland and since people think he should, and additional papers abroad, including in Murdoch's case, The Times of London, the Mirror of the Times and the Sun in the United Kingdom, the New York Post, plus the magazine New York in New York, a morning, afternoon and Sunday paper in San Antonio and a string of suburban papers around Houston. In Texas, and the latest acquisition, The Houston Chronicle. Apart from their appetite for newspapers, Murdoch and Thomas have in common The Times. Sun Thomas has inherited it with much of the rest of the empire from his father, Roy, and when he fired of endless battles with the critics and the paper's seemingly endless losses, he gave it up, whereupon Murdoch assumed the burden. (The older Thomas got out of it at least the early 1970s, frequently gave with a Fleet Street proprietorate. Report Murdoch has not, perhaps because the customary paper picture in the Texas Sun is calculated to cause readers to exclaim, "Och, starlings," words that are used in the United States during the royal broadcast table.)

Not altogether to escape the unbearable tension of standing up from Ottaviano on the quai, "Is there life after Jim Fleming?" In this case, for the government's private newspaper act since the dropping of its erstwhile pilot from exile—I have just been in Australia. There, I had a talk with Brian Hogben, group general manager of the Sun, and he said, according to a journalist acquaintance, the most knowledgeable executive in the country in the law is at office newspapers. Hogben says, "Although there's a lot of noise about the constitution of the Sun, it's not a very big deal. I think the paper can run on the equivalent of \$275,000 Canadian—\$600,000 of fact that may be said to constitute false and misleading advertising."

It's something for Canadian publishers to remind themselves when thinking about invasive TV breaches and the relative freedom from the films of Dreyer and Kent that their Commonwealth brethren have enjoyed. ☐

and Murdoch's News Ltd., which takes its name from the original family paper, the Adelaide News, although the group's main Australian interests now are in Sydney, where its Daily Mirror, Thomas and Murdoch's News Ltd., and the national, The Australian, are published. None of the Australian claims extends to as many towns and cities as does Thomas in Canada, but when it is added up, including ownership of radio stations and especially the "group's" investment in television, concentration of control of the media as a whole is unquestionably greater. On the other hand, no major Australian city, according to Hogben, is without competition, mostly from two of the Communist groups meeting head to head.

The calm of Australian politicians has never been shaken by anything so alarming as a Dwyer committee or a Kent commission, but generally, like the state government of Victoria or at least once, the federal government on another—has shown interest in newspaper ownership and operations. The Whitlam (Labor) government in the early 1970s made what Brian Hogben calls "some laudable moves" to set up a government press council, even as Ottaviano's proposed newspaper act does, but "that was headed off at the pass by the formation of an Australian press council with industry participation." (Curiously, the threat of a government-sponsored press council has also stimulated interest in voluntary regional press councils here, which Ottaviano, if it decides not to press the legislation, undoubtedly will say avoided it.)

Brian Hogben doesn't anticipate new moves by government in that direction "because governments in that direction have much better ways of controlling the press than by passing information laws that are 'draconian, to say the least, and threaten to become worse,' and a trade practice act, not originally aimed at newspapers but capable of being used, and being used, to prevent newspapers from competing on the equivalent of \$275,000 Canadian—\$600,000 of fact that may be said to constitute false and misleading advertising."

It's something for Canadian publishers to remind themselves when thinking about invasive TV breaches and the relative freedom from the films of Dreyer and Kent that their Commonwealth brethren have enjoyed. ☐

The death of a newsman

The Sept. 4 death of CTV television journalist Clark Todd brought home again last week the dangers and the occasionally tragically high cost of bringing live-action television news images into Canadian living rooms. The veteran London-based correspondent was an Lebanese survivor of recent sectarian violence. Shortly after Druze militiamen began shelling the tiny village of Kfar Matta, nestled in the Chouf Mountains southeast of Beirut, artillery shrapnel hit Todd, 58, in the chest. He realized that he was seriously injured and he told the film crew that was with him to leave the village. Initial reports from Lebanon indicated that the reporter was in serious but stable condition in a house in the village. The reports, however, were terribly wrong. Todd, a reporter who, unlike some of his colleagues in war zones, always insisted on following the fiercest battles by being on the spot himself, apparently died shortly after the news crew returned.

For more than a week, the correspondent's body lay in Kfar Matta. Heavy shellfire prevented the Lebanese Red Cross and Palestinian militiamen from retrieving the body. Finally, during a lull in the fighting, the Red Cross found Todd's body. Two CTV affiliates—Donald Cameron, vice-president of CTV news, and Timothy Kerkhof, CTV's director of news, identified the body. They had flown to Lebanon to try to arrange his rescue from Kfar Matta.

Award-winning Todd reported from several of the world's war-torn spots. Before he went to the Middle East, he covered Northern Ireland, Poland and Egypt after the assassination of President Anwar Sadat. He served as London bureau chief for both NBC news and CTV.

Todd was born in Saint John and is survived by his wife, Anne, three children from that marriage and two children from an earlier marriage. He was to be buried in a village outside London. Friends recall his enlivening sense of humor. Former Harry Harlow, international assignment editor for CTV news, "One of the joys of my day was to speak to him." Said CTV producer William Cunningham: "Clark, by his very nature, had to be right in the midst of the action. He lived by the principle that the public has a right to know clearly motivated him." □



Goose, Beaufort drilling platform. "desire to be active participants in development"

ENVIRONMENT

Living with the drill rigs

A 19-year-old Inuit man walked confidently from the back of a school gymnasium at the Arctic exploration base of Tuktoyaktuk last week and identified himself to the seven-member Beaufort Sea Environmental Assessment Panel as Ken Cookney Jr. He said that he had been working for oil companies in the region for two years and added, "I urge other boys to do the same." Cookney's submission was significant because it indicated that native peoples in the North have adopted a new, more tolerant attitude toward resource development. Seven years ago, during Mr. Justice Thomas Berger's Royal Commission into the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline, natives rejected development. But during last week's opening sessions of a three-month federal inquiry into the effects of large-scale energy projects on the region, opinion appeared to have changed.

Tuktoyaktuk council member Kithi Dillan testified, "Some things we opposed several years ago we now feel entirely different about." Added Roy Goose, representing hunters and trappers from the Western Arctic settlements of Tuktoyaktuk, Sachs Harbour, Holman Island, Capeovance and Peavik. "We desire to be active participants in development." Both men, the main speakers at the session, made it clear, however, that they are only willing to co-operate with the oil companies on the condition that local Inuit would benefit through jobs and trading—and that damage to wildlife and the environment would be minimal. The natives

said, in effect, that they were prepared to co-operate because they had no choice. Large-scale development is already proceeding in the North. Said Goose: "If it is allowed to go ahead without our input, we will suffer the effects, which may eventually exterminate our culture."

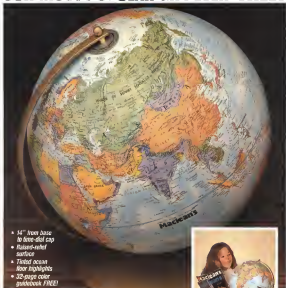
Imperial Oil Ltd., Dome Petroleum Ltd. and Gulf Canada Resources Inc., all Calgary-based, have been searching for oil in the Mackenzie Delta and Beaufort Sea. Although no company has declared a commercial find, the firms have filed proposals worth more than \$10 billion to produce and transport oil and gas. The panel is empowered to study the potential positive and negative effects of the massive projects.

All speakers at the opening session were natives. Their recommendations ranged from Roy Goose's request that oil companies suspend plans to ship crude by ice-breaking tankers through the Northwest Passage in favor of moving it south by pipeline through the Mackenzie Valley, to the establishment of an Inuit-run harbor authority and a cross-cultural program to familiarize southern Canadian oil workers with Inuit ways of life.

The stakes of Beaufort development are high, but panel members expressed satisfaction that the hearings began in a noncombative atmosphere. Said one panel member privately: "The natives have spent their time wisely since the Berger inquiry. They are better prepared for whatever happens."

—JOHN GOSSARD in Tuktoyaktuk

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COVER

THE NEW SCREEN HEROES

By Val Ross

If Canadian stories are worthwhile making into movies, then companies ought to start into Canada to make them. —Lewis Sehnick, Hollywood producer, 1992.

For more than 60 years the U.S. film industry has dominated the Canadian imagination as effectively as it has controlled the profits from Canadian box offices. Generations of children have played cowboy/nerd/sheep, while their parents, spying on us with disappointment, wished for a little more Hollywood in their marriages. The major of the media carts a spoil, tying the tongues of Canada's storytellers and luring its film-makers to make American stories with American stars, even the stars were disguised as foreign actors. Canada's struggle to break the spell has been protracted and at times humiliating. But

within the next few weeks three new films—*The Tin Flute*, *Maria Chapdelaine* and *The Wars*—will offer impressive evidence that the campaign has intensified dramatically. Symbols of a new forcefulness in the film industry,

After years of struggle Canadian film-makers are finding a way to tell their stories on the wide screen

the three films challenge Hollywood and the rest of the world to reappreciate Lewis Sehnick's 60-year-old dictum.

The stories that the films bring to the screen are among the most central and powerful in Canada's heritage. Since Louis Hémon wrote *Maria Chapdelaine*

in 1913, the Quebec hush farmer's daughter has been a revered icon of simplicity and of the pioneer's pervasive commitment to a harsh homeland. Our Lady of the Forgetful Wilderness. Now Montreal director Gilles Carle and the magnificent, nose-bored actress Carole Laure have given *Maria* virtuosity, but exotic, life. The English version of *Maria* will open in theatres across the country in October, but the film is already a box office success: the French version has grossed more than \$1 million since it premiered in Quebec five months ago.

The film version of Gabriella Roy's *The Tin Flute* brings not one heroine but two to the screen: Madame Lacasse (Marilyn Lightstone) and her daughter Florentine (a radiant 15-year-old newcomer named "Miville" Doyenne) personify the heart-breaking task of finding substance, strength and love in the slums of Montreal during the Second World War. Winner of the Interna-

tional Press Award for best Canadian feature film at the Montreal World Film Festival in August, the French-language version opened in Quebec on Aug. 10, the English version opens across the country in mid-October. Over-few audiences at the Moscow Film Festival in July demanded extra screenings of the maple-syrup romance. And teary Muscovites persistently questioned *Flute's* producer, Mario-Joël Raymond, as to whether a sequel film would bring happiness for Florentine—who at the film's end has devoted a departing soldier into marrying her and providing respectability for her unborn child.

Indeed. Finally, the long-awaited film treatment of Timothy Findley's *The Wars* will open in theatres across the country in October, and a gala screening at the National Arts Centre will follow on Remembrance Day. Director Robin Phillips has rallied a redoubtable cast led by the intense, young Brent Carver as the traumatized hero of Findley's chronicle of slaughter and self-discovery in the First World War. *The Wars* has already earned critical favor; after a screening on German television in March, the critic for the *Munster* *Abendblatt* pronounced the film "impressive." But Wayne Clark, director of Toronto's Festival of Festivals (page 95), delivered the landmark statement. "The Wars," he declared, "is

Doyenne and Pierre Chagnon in *The Tin Flute*; Laure in *Maria Chapdelaine*; Carver (above and below) in *The Wars*; three of the most powerful stories in Canada's heritage





Kidder in upcoming *Louise*; locker room scene from *Porky* in filmmakers who survived the crash underwent the market



Fairweather in *The Gray Fox* (above right); Robert Jay and Muccase in *Ticket to Heaven* (below) writing a crowd



COVER

deeply daring, a movie of which we can be proud."

While bringing back the stories to the screen is something of which to be proud, the three films point to a larger triumph in the fortunes of an industry that has been erratic at best. For more than two decades Canadian film-makers have fired their muscles and tested their voices with acclaimed documentaries, animated short films and features such as *Grease*, *Down the Road* and *Mr. Oakley Adams*. But during the madness of the six-shooter boom days (1970 until the crash of investor confidence in 1981), stockholders shamelessly meddled in production, deal makers drove up costs by sowing hysteria, and Canadian movies—for the most part poor imitations of Hollywood shoot-outs—earned little except Gaiety's laughter from Cannes to California. The world's worst was particularly painful because Australian film-makers proved with such first-rate movies as *Peter and the Hunchback* and *Breaker Morant* that there was no excuse for second-rate industry when a nation's own stars can themselves command universal appeal.

The Canadian film-makers who survived the crash were the ones who had always known the value of expertise and understood the structure of their markets. Only the fittest survived. The industry only produced 46 feature films last year—a sobering drop from the

1980 figure of 117—but the film-makers responsibly displayed a new financial and artistic adventurousness. And Canadian movies began to strike a chord with their audiences in an unprecedented way. Last year *Cadillac* Les Plouffe grossed \$18 million from Quebec alone, setting provincial box office records. At the same time, the Montreal-based production team of Denis Héroux and John Kennedy earned some of the world's top cinematographic honors for their coproductions *Quest for Fire* (winner of an Academy Award and five Genies) and *Alfonsine City* (nominated for five Oscars and winner of three Genies). Montreal producer Harold Greenberg and Toronto director Rob Clark unleashed *Porky*, which has grossed more than \$150 million to date—the 28th most popular movie in North American history. And Toronto director Ralph Thomas delivered last year's critically acclaimed and popular *Ticket to Heaven* as well as *The Jerry Fox Story*. Terry Fox did not win any box office marathons but it has soared to the top of U.S. pay TV ratings.

The release of *The Gray Fox* in April provided one of the most persuasive arguments for a renaissance of Canadian talent. Philip Barish, a 30-year-old Vancouver director with six documentaries to his credit, has won endless praise from the toughest U.S. critics for his story of train robber Bill Miller, starring Richard Farnsworth and Jackie Burroughs. "Inspired imagination," applauded *The New Yorker*

magazine's usually foreboding film critic, Pauline Kael. "Gorgeous, lovely," enthused *The New York Times*'s Stanley Kauffmann, comparing the film photographically to the work of the Japanese giant, director Akira Kurosawa. Finally, last week Andrew Sarris, the influential film critic of New York's *Village Voice*, acknowledged what was becoming increasingly obvious: "While Australian cinema is undoubtedly not overrated, it can be argued that Canadian film is underrated."

Renaissance? The industry's growing self-confidence will almost certainly increase with the opening of *The Tin Flute*, *Moreau* and *The Wars* and with the growing consciousness of the successful veterans behind the films. Marie-Josée Raymond, 41, the golden-haired and tongue-tongue producer of *The Tin Flute*, began working in film more than three decades ago when she made a bet with fellow University of Montreal students Denis Héroux (future film producer) and Denis Arcand (future film director). Together they resolved to get Raymond's face into the Cannes Film Festival—and did so with their feature, *Juste une fois* (1969). Raymond went on to work as an actress, film editor, sound technician and then producer. In 1970 she teamed up with director Claude Fournier, 50, director of *The Tin Flute*, to make *Adrien Thibault*, the first movie in Canada whose budget topped \$1 million. But Quebec film circles know Raymond and Fournier best as private and profes-

sional partners who have made commercially successful sex comedies (*Hot Dogs*, starring Harry Reems, and *Desse Joneses on Ice*), Robert Verall's *The Tin Flute*'s coproducer at the National Film Board, contends that it was Raymond's work in sex comedies that produced the enviable efficiency she displayed during the making of *The Flute*. "And for once," he said, "she wasn't working out

of a phone booth and the back of her ear and could use the National Film Board's stage for seating, instead of the *Temple Tavern*."

On *The Tin Flute* Raymond's keen sense of the market led her to a daring experiment. Aware that North American audiences resist subtitles, especially on TV—Raymond's \$1.5-million project is both a feature film and a TV

mini-series—she and Fournier painstakingly shot each scene of their film in both English and French. There is little difference in the emotional impact of the two versions—although Raymond admits that the embraces last longer in the French version. And despite dubbing, Raymond actually came in under budget. "Forthrightly," said Verall, "she did it in a 100-day shoot with weekends off. The *SW* couldn't believe it."

Pastorale Raymond may be one of the most effective go-getters currently on the Canadian film scene, but its patriarchy are indisputably Maria Chapiro's director, Carle, 54, and producer, Greenberg, 53. Recognized internationally, Carle has just returned to the Quebec bank to film the movie version of *Phélie* (it, more properly known as *Le Crime d'Orléans*). Greenberg is president of Astral Belvoir Productions, a vertically integrated behemoth that finances, produces, processes and, in partnership with 20th Century-Fox, distributes an impressive number of films in Canada. He is one of the few Canadian producers to have turned a tidy profit, and his producing credits run the gamut from *Who's My Father* (Toll Me to Poppy's "Harold is so well-positioned," says one Montreal insider, "he's the Liberal party of Canadian film.")

But for all his business acumen, Greenberg admits that he is still a padawan for the dandy of stardom. He needs with a fan's delight that Laure



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Greenberg. Laune stood on the desk

COVER

convinced him to invest in Maria when "she got up on my desk and said, 'You want to do this film. I am Maria Chapdelaine!'" Still, not even the most successful professionals could have predicted the problems that beset *Maria* during filming: it is a remote region 600 km northwest of Montreal last fall. A blizzard drove the crew indoors for several days, later, when a snow called for snow, there was none. Maria's director, Philippe, an actor himself, had to improvise. He had to make a movie about a woman who was pregnant at the time during a winter scene. Said Laune: "The man climbed the board, and the next thing I knew I was on the other side of the table."

Reputation: At first glance, those responsible for *The Wars* seem to be the exception in a commercially seasoned crowd: a hapless, if gifted, group. Halfway through the shoot the filmmakers decided to do some on-location work in England, and the budget was increased by \$400,000. New techniques are resulting scenes of the sound track due to poor sound quality. The film is the first feature project for Toronto producer Richard Norcross, 55 (who, with writer Pat Farris, has been responsible for a host of acclaimed TV documentaries, including *Chien*), and British-born director Philippe, 40. Philippe, who was the artistic director of the Scottish Festival for seven seasons, is unsurprisingly one of the country's senior talents and he brought significant personal expertise to the film. Actress Martha Henry, who plays Dorothy Ross, the

hero's admirable, terrifying mother in *The Wars*, includes the notion that Philippe is a synecryse as a film director. Said Henry: "He has been an actor, he has been around cameras, he is alert, and he knows how to get what he wants from an actor."

The final product—filmed last morning—stands on the uncertainty and dedication of its creators. One of the late Glenn Gould's last efforts was to compose and supervise the recording of what Philippe describes as the "achingly moving solo track." Philippe was meticulous with every detail of the film. During one particularly tense shoot, the filming of a New Year's Eve party at the Whittemore Historical House in Hamilton, Ont., the prep assistants complained that a stranger was filming with the actors' eyes and noses. "Who does that guy think he is?" they de-



Carle (above); Norcross: the threat

manded as Philippe perfected his scene. Most important, Philippe drew out for the camera's benefit the subtle interpenetration from a cast of seasoned stage actors. Speaking of such Shakespearean veterans as Carver, Henry, William Hurt and Dennis Hays, Philippe observed: "The group shared an understanding of what we wanted to say about Canada—our bugs, where things go to free ourselves from reality and England. This film is our first struggle."

The most courageous aspect of the struggle is that for some controversial movies are telling Canadian stories without compromise. In 1970 the situation was radically different: "The suggestion was made by Hollywood," recalled novelist Marceline Dickler, "that

the movie version of my novel *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* would have been better set in Chicago." No one would dare to make such a proposal. *The Jewish Wars* and *Now, Another* (Barbarian), which producer Robert Laune will begin shooting in Montreal as a feature and a mini-series in April, 1984, is, ironically, Canadian film are loyal to their roots. In *The Wars* the hero travels from Toronto to the battlefields of Flanders and discovers that his fellow soldiers have nicknamed one of the trenches "Beer Street." And while *The Tin Plate* possesses a strong sense of Montreal during the Depression, that did not prevent Moscovitz's audience from approving. Robbing a scene from Duddy Kravitz, where soldiers pick their way through horse manure, the film opens with a gang of street kids harassing a parade of recruits by disrespectfully shooting horse manure at their feet with becker sticks. It is an all-Canadian in-joke and the censorship ends in wilderness.

A culture is culture when it can confidently share such references. Equally, if its sense of age when it gains close awareness of the themes of its own existence. The Grey Fox ends with a shot of a railway track converging as a Northwest Mounted policeman respectfully co-operates with the U.S. Protection men to ship the aged train robber back to jail. *The Tin Plate* and *Maria* are both parables of the survival of the Québécois, telling stories of young men who abandon the dream of a glamorous lover who will lead them from their narrow world. "Yes, I'll stay," sighs Maria Chapdelaine at the end of the film, gazing with resignation across the bleak north landscape and at the dull man for whom she has turned down an American suitor. "This story is part of our history, our heritage," said Richard



North, Moore's mini-series has been produced with Radio-Canada. "By getting involved, Radio-Canada had a sort of moral duty to fulfill."

It is all the more important that Canadian film-makers are at last telling these stories—because feature studios have craved and failed. In 1943 Universal Pictures in Hollywood purchased the rights to *The Tin Plate* for \$50,000, intending to star Joan Fontaine as Florence, but it never started production. Marie-José Raymond purchased for the sum of \$35,000, the right to film her version (Universal will own the rights to *Strains* production). In persuading them to sell, Raymond told Universal: "We are a small country, our heritage is not such that we can afford to leave it lying on your shelves." France filmed Marie Chapdelaine twice in 1924 and again in 1942. But Quebecers were un-

able now tell those stories as positively because of the chastening experience of the past. While the two-father hero produced few admirable films, it did have merits. Said *Jewish Wars* and *Now's* producer Robert Laune: "We are reaping the benefits—the technicians who became highly qualified, the actors and writers who gained experience." The industry lost good directors, such as *Paper Moon's* Peter Pearson, who stopped making feature films altogether. But it backtracked others to survive the subsequent crash and develop dangerous skills. Forlé's kept Greenberg in the forefront of the industry, while producer Hirsch soiled on the strength of his French coproductions. Quert for *Pier* and *Atlantic City* into the arms of 20th Century-Fox. "We are only as good as your last movie," declared Hirsch. "But because

and Kate Reid. For its part, Fox, encouraged by its Canadian experience, is helping to bank another feature production company on *Jewish Wars* and *Now*. Another Quebecer, who is also dismissed Canadian film-makers as "a bunch of little gammas," is now happily peddling the script for the *Jewish Wars* mini-series.

The film-makers who know how to make the system work have been drawn on two major reasons. One is public support, either from the Canadian Film Development Corp. (CFDC), the senior bank. Says Raymond: "I am sure again using the public money is a time without Alberta dictating telling me who to star. This time I have been financed by people who know what they are doing." The other measure is television. TV's appetite for movies is insatiable and it is generous. The cluster



Philippe on set of *The Wars*; increasingly, Canadian films are loyal to their roots

we did good work, Fox now lets us in the door." John Kennedy, Hirsch's partner, maintains an office on the Fox lot, and the Hollywood major returns first-class rights on engineering and distribution of some of their projects.

Opportunity: Reputation builds the opportunity for more achievement. Currently, Kennedy and Hirsch have just finished filming *Lawrence*, a feature and mini-series apt about the Andean French set in the American South and starring Canadian Muppet Kidder. They are also in the midst of filming a new version of *Strains* de Benavente, a novel *The Blood of Others*, with a script by Canadian novelist Brian Moore, and it stars Jeff Potter, Michael Ondaatje

and Kate Reid. For its part, Fox, encouraged by its Canadian experience, is helping to bank another feature production company on *Jewish Wars* and *Now*. Another Quebecer, who is also dismissed Canadian film-makers as "a bunch of little gammas," is now happily peddling the script for the *Jewish Wars* mini-series.

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cast Fund last May—and grafting in \$50 million over the next five years—O'Connor hopes simultaneously to encourage film production and to create more Canadian content for TV. The fund is only applicable for variety and drama destined for ultimate broadcast in Canada, and half of its approved projects must be shown by the CBC. Among the nine projects the CBC has already approved are *Diplomats* (Sherman), a two-hour feature film produced by Dan O'Connor (*Nobody Wanted Goodbye*), and *Needing Night in Montreal*, another feature. Said Peter Pearson, now a major film financier as director of the fund: "The Americans are right, money talks. And if the bulk of the money is Canadian, we're saying, 'You did damn better play by our reality.'"

But in creating the Broadcast Fund the federal government has effectively deprived the CBC's budget of \$17 million, and movie observers are critical of federal priorities. With few exceptions, Canadian film-makers lack access to reliable private sector financing and distribution and as a result they are horrified at the prospect of increased competition for dwindling public sector support. Tony Fox director of the fund, says bitterly that the government is, in effect, implementing Applebaum-Hibert economics's most contentious suggestion: that the private sector take over most film and TV production.

From the NYF and the CBC: Said Thomas "Where in the CBC supposed to get the money to work with the Broadcast Fund, an organization without strapping itself further?"

The NYF, also reeling from budget cuts of \$1 million, exhausted itself to produce *Beyond Party/Le quarantaine*, a feature film that won adorning attention at the Toronto festival. "Le quarantaine may be the last feature for some time," said the NYF's Verrell. "Our future seems to be in reprodu-



Leanne in Maria Chapdelaine: Roy (below): plenty of Canadian stories for the future

tions like *Latitude 45* (*Latitude 45*, an impressive new film from Calgary producer Ed Frazer of *Why Shoot the Teacher?* is scheduled to open later this fall.)

What the future will bring as a result of these combined efforts and policies is an open question. Much depends on whether *Maria*, *The Place* and *The Wars* make money and win the hearts of the public. Certainly, they already carry a great burden of hope. But Toronto director Alma King (*Who Has Seen the Wind*) has cynically observed a cycle in Canadian film, of which the new entries may be a part. Two years ago King wrote in *The Journal of Canadian Studies*: "We have had periods when we've seen films of a creative nature, a sense of authorship. Then, seeing the box office results, producers moved away from them. A little while later, pushed by consensus and public criticism, they moved back again. The dance continues."

As a result, many film industry critics suspect that this season's serious movies are simply an attempt by their producers to buy credibility with their public sector partners. At a Montreal film festival press conference last month a critic challenged *The Place* pro-

ducer Raymond, implying that *Place* was a curious departure from her past work on sex films. Laura finally won Greenberg's agreement to produce *Maria* when she pulled him out of a commission hearing when he was trying to convince the CRTC that he would be a culturally responsible recipient of a pay-TV license. And after so many recollections of the wheel, many actors and technicians are unwilling to raise their hopes once again. "We have been through a lot of emotional rocking," said *The Place* actress Lightstone. "My attitude now is 'Wait and see.'"

CONSCIOUSNESS Bill, whether their motivations are artistic, nationalistic or capitalistic, what is impressive about the men and women behind *Maria*, *The Place* and *The Wars* is their commitment to working amid the contradictions and limitations of Canada. Most important, they are bringing Canadian stories to the commercial market. Sitting in his office at the CRTC, Peter Pearson picked up a well-thumbed copy of *Place's* Republic and turned to the cave passage to try to explain why so many people are willing to defy the odds to work in film in Canada. "People inside the cave judge the reality outside by the shadows on the cave wall," he said. "If Canada never appears on the wall, or on the movie screen, sooner or later people deduce that it does not exist." But for moviegoers in the fall of 1988 that doubt has vanished.

With Wayne Gregory in Montreal and Nicholas Anagnostis in Toronto.

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THE RICH RUM FLAVOUR OF JAMAICA

A festival finds itself

"There are going to be 15 parties a day," declared film marketing consultant Michael McCabe, before Toronto's Eighth Annual Festival of Festivals. That remark seemed appropriate in the setting, a glittering party on Sept. 9 in a fashionable Yorkville restaurant. Over rare roast beef and plentiful lobster, festival patrons, organizers and guests swarmed around mirrors and waited for celebrities to arrive in their limo. Black limousines. For the following 16 smoothly organized days, Toronto, host to 181 feature films from 25 countries, had more in its eyes than eyes. But when WB's Sam Hart, the headliner of the festival's popular gala opening film, *The Big Chill*, stood, through the flashes of cameras at the restaurant's courtyard, a few well-heeled party-goers expressed disappointment at his exit, but informed silence. "Isn't he young?" said one glamorous film enthusiast. "But look—his coochieys are so short, poor dear!"

They have been out of place in Cannes or New York, but Hart's casual trousers were perfectly acceptable at Toronto's second film bonanza, now one of the largest film festivals in the world. In the past the festival has never been entirely comfortable with its combination of shabby extravagance

Christmas *Mr. Lawrence*—commanded the greatest attention. But emerging as the festival's sleepers were the witty Dutch film *The Fourth Man* and the American comedy *Cia, She Said: a Cherry Post*, starring Karen Black. Commented Arthur Bell of New York's Village Voice: "The difference between Toronto and other festivals is that at Cannes or Montreal we get together and bitch about the films here, we get together and applaud them."

The best-attended feature in the seven programming categories was the Contemporary World Cinema series.



Big CN's Glenn Close (left), Hart and Kevin Kline: glitter and feast of film

But Stranger than Fiction, a program of documentaries, brought together some of the most intriguing films of the festival. Robert Davall (himself the subject of a gala tribute) directed the country and western drama *We're Not the Jet Set*, one of the most popular documentaries. Return Engagement, featuring the unlikely combination of former drug advocate Timothy Leary and G. Gerdin Liddy, accounted for the famous Watergate bungalow's door presence at several festival parties. The long-awaited retrospective of David Cronenberg's films was a highlight of the festival, his own eclectic selection, *Science Fiction Remixed*, managed to

place *Tan Driver* and *Crush* from the *Black Lagoon* side by side. As well, the festival featured a late-night video program in the Barn Zoo Club, a downtown bar populated with flickering television screens.

The setting was quieter at the Trade Forum where producers, directors, distributors and Canadian Film Development Corp. officials gathered for three days of panel discussions on the business details of film production. The forum was also an opportunity for filmmakers with ideas, scripts and pictures to meet potential buyers. Said Peter Rowe, an independent Canadian producer: "The most important things happened after the panels. It was a lot like a Habitat bazaar. We were there selling plants and bananas, and guys were there looking for plants and bananas."

Although the festival ran extremely well, there were occasional hitches. On two occasions, inadequate subtitles on foreign-language films derailed live, simultaneous translation, more than 400 patrons stormed out of a screening of the French film *Le Paludisme* when it was shown in its original, unsubtitled version. At the Barn Zoo Club's presentation of New York video, host Sam Forum treated an irritated audience to a display of Manhattan decadence, pompous enough to make many viewers fester into the night. And the Ontario Council Board, the Festival's annual three-to-the-side, picked David Cronenberg's retrospective, demanding that his 1979 cuts in *The Shout* not be restored.

As outraged Cronenberg insisted that a 36-second cut changed the meaning of one scene, an accusation which the council board did not deny. Said one censor: "Board members don't have the sensitivity to films to make cuts like that. We do not have the expertise. But for the board to change a decision, it is a big operation."

Overall, according to Clarkson, the Festival of Festivals's eighth year was its best. Said he: "The stars are here. The films are here. You couldn't ask for anything more." For the first time in the festival's history, few filmmakers would disagree.

—DAVID MACFARLANE IS IN TORONTO.

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FOR THE RECORD

A return to simplicity

TIMBERLINE
Murray McLauchlan
(True North/425)

Once known as the "street-smart kid from Cobblestone" who sang of wine, women and the blues soul, Murray McLauchlan is the late 1970s became a country of changing musical tastes. As folk music lost its popularity, his fellow singer-songwriters Jon Mitchell and Bruce Cockburn were able to make the transition to past and new wave styles, taking most of their audiences with them. McLauchlan, desperate not to be left behind, abandoned his harmonies and simple arrangements for the lush but expensive sound of 1970s studio rock. In the process, he lost many listeners. With his 11th album, *Timberline*, the 36-year-old McLauchlan unabashedly returns to his acoustic guitar and simple, honest compositions which suit his tender style. *Rockness* is a recurring feeling on songs about trains, romance and the road. On *Born This Morning*, a dark blues number reminiscent of Bob Dylan, he sings, "The pressure's on, to be in some sense... I fight it, somehow I keep from going down." Having just pulled himself from the edge of rock obscurity, McLauchlan's words are eerily close to the bone.

HAMMER ON A DRUM
The Payroll
(GMM)

Following their enormously successful 1980 album, *No Stranger to Danger*, the four graduates of the Vancouver punk scene who make up The Payroll are already serious contenders for the title "old wave." Embrace and variety marked that recording, which also featured a powerful hit single, *Rips of a Stranger* that conformity to assigned lyrics and a mostly predictable rock sound now characterizes The Payroll. The apocalyptic *No Prisoners* is at first straggling, but with its pompous sense of drama it soon begins to sound like a cross between The Moody Blues and Pink Floyd. Meanwhile, like mediocre metaphors of the "war like an eagle" would middle *Where Is This Love*. Apart from the forceful imagery and off-beat rhythm of *I Am a City* and the clever reggae rant of *Wish You*, The Payroll appear to be stuck in midgear.

—NICHOLAS JENKINS

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BEHAVIOR

The computer widows

Since the Second World War, a succession of strains ranging from harsh control pills to increasingly erratic drivers has battered the North American family. Now an emerging new factor is putting stress on the nuclear unit: the home computer. Mental health professionals are beginning to see the new electronic member of the family as a threat to the human beings who own it and, in theory, control it.

For her part, Janet Forrest, a business professor at St. Mary's University in Halifax, says that her husband, Thomas, "got married" with the computer he bought a year ago. In very little time her spouse of 30 years was hunched over his basement terminal, often until 3 a.m. Forrest was soon referring to herself as a "computer widow." Her husband says that he now understands why his wife felt alienated. "It is very easy to lose all concept of time with a computer," he said.

The root of many computer-related family problems is that more than 80 per cent of the people who buy them are men. Says Halifax psychologist Jason Roth, "The home computer is being marketed as a man's toy, and the woman's involvement with it is limited to something she can put her fingers on." Roth, who sees couples with computer-related problems, says that women resent the amount of time their husbands are spending at the keyboard.

Many women fume silently about this intrusion, hoping that their computer-obsessed partner will tire of the toy. But in many cases that never happens. Sociologist Kathleen Lennock says her husband, William, a University of Toronto economics professor, has become addicted. Said she: "Even when he is at home for the evening he goes off with the computer." But William Lennock believes that his wife's frustration is misplaced. "The real issue is the amount of time I spend on my career," he said, "not on my computer." Kathleen Lennock is so frustrated that she has no wish to learn how to operate the machine. "If I got seduced into using the computer, it will just increase the alienation," Bradley McEwan, a Halifax psychologist, said that one woman client's antipathy toward the machine was so intense that she simply refused to touch the terminal, perhaps secretly hoping that it would die.

The problems associated with a computer can be a symptom rather than the cause of an unhealthy relationship. Vancouver marital therapist Miles

Blackman, who has counselled four computer-stranded couples in the past six months, says that spouses often use the computer as an escape. "The couple is letting the machine come between them," he said.

In many cases, computer-provoked tension is greatly reduced if the ma-

chine and its operator are not cut off too much from the rest of the family. The Furness have eased the strain on their relationship by moving the computer from the basement into the kitchen. "Now," said Janet Foster, "we can talk to each other while he is at the computer." Added Ottawa marriage counsellor Marlene Bolla, "If the computer comes first and the spouse second, we work hard to reverse that trend." As more computers enter the home, that is an attitude that many couples will have to adopt. —JULIE VAN DUSEN in Ottawa, with Ann Phillips in Toronto.

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LAW

Short-change pension plans

When retired Scotland Yard policeman Walter Budge, 73, emigrated to Canada with his wife, Victoria, in 1975 to join their three children, they received British old-age pensions of \$66 and \$56 a month respectively. Then, for the past eight years, the Budges, who live in Peterborough, Ont., 45 km from Winnipeg, have had to survive on pensions frozen at the 1975 levels while inflation-indexed pensions in Britain have almost tripled. Like many of the roughly 41,000 other British pensioners living in Canada, the Budges believe that the British government has failed in its duty to them, and they are joining together to fight back.

Star Group Capt. Ralph Brown of Toronto formed the British Pensioners' Association of Canada last April. And the Canadian government gave the association in July a \$17,000 grant to help its members lobby the British government for better pensions. "If London reduced the pensions of those of us living in Canada," said Brown, "it would cost about \$28 million (\$52 million) a year, and that seems to be the main hangup." He added that Britain has no reciprocal pension agreements, which guarantee full domestic pensions to emigrants, with Tegucigalpa and West Germany, but not with Canada, Australia or New Zealand.

The Australian government has responded to the problem by "tapping up" British pensions. Canada grants a full Canadian pension to Britons after 10 years' residency. In the meantime, however, many older Britons are dependent on Canadian relatives for financial support. "It is quite degrading," said Norman Rubenstein, president of the 250-member branch of the association in Victoria.

For its part, Ottawa is sympathetic to the problem, but it can do little unless the British government agrees to co-operate. In February, Canadian and British officials met to discuss details of a comprehensive, reciprocal social security package. Field Edward Tunney, at the Canadian department of health and welfare. "It is really a political decision in Britain that is required," and Walter Budge is determined to force the British government to make that decision. Budge says "I will fight the British with the last breath in my body."

—PETER CARLEIS GORDON
in Winnipeg



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LEISURE

Happy hours are here again

A trumpet sounded a feature, and the late-afternoon crowd at Calgary's Quail Run Lounge gathered around a cradle plywood table for the Great Canadian Crab Race. Across 2nd Avenue S.W. at Orestes, patrons focused their attention on a woman customer who was about to spin a roulette wheel hanging in the centre of the crowded, Mediterranean-style bar. At stake in both cases was a roster of great interest to bar customers—the price of drinks. Along with many of the

solid at a 60 per cent discount. "Careful, they worked hard for us," said one woman customer, as a waiter scooped up the little embers.

But the crowd at Orestes grained when the roulette wheel's pointer stopped at 8. That meant that for the second 15-minute period in a row, the customers had to pay full price for their "happy hour" drinks. Manager David Gillespie is delighted even if the wheel calls for half-price or one-cent drinks—it is attracting plenty of business. Says



Crab race at the Quail Run bar here came up with inventive ways to cut prices.

provision's bars, the Quail Run and Orestes have taken advantage of a decision by the Alberta Liquor Control Board in May to relax guidelines prohibiting discounting of drinks. Since then, many of the bars have come up with inventive—and crowd-drawing—ways of determining their price cuts.

At the Quail Run, 10 permit crabs painted in different colors spend most of the time nesting quietly inside a stainless-steel ring circling them at the centre of an eight-foot-diameter table. But once an hour, from 5:30 to 7:30 p.m., after the trumpet call and whistled announcement from local race broadcaster Joe Carbury, a waiter lifts the ring and starts the crabs scurrying into action with a splash of water. The customers shake their heads to show on the race, knowing that the color of the first crab to cross the drinking bar at the perimeter of the table will determine the discount on second drinks for the next hour, from 10 per cent to 100 per cent. A small crowd went up when the brown crab won the race. It meant that for the next hour second highballs

Gillespie, "I like volume, a lot of people through the doors."

Orestes came much of its newly increased volume to a change of heart at the ALCC, which banned drink discounts in bars 10 years ago because it felt that too many people were drinking unhappy—and unhealthy—amounts. But when Orestes disappointed its bar press last December under pressure from bar operators and the happy hour grew in popularity, the ALCC decided to try it again in Alberta. For all its popularity, the board has received a few complaints from operators who argue that the number of new customers does not make up for lower profit margins. Orestes' Gillespie is not among them. "People are not drinking as much as they did," he observes, "but they still want to go out and have a good time. So they are always looking for bargains." Sometimes they get one. One night at Orestes, the roulette wheel spun a one-cent drink seven times in a row. "I lost my shirt," said Gillespie, "but they all enjoyed it, believe me."

—STANLEY ZWABUN in Calgary

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Hospital as intelligent soap opera full of unearned intensity

BOOKS

A feat of ventriloquism

THE TIGER IN THE TIGER PIT

By Jessica Turner Hospital
(McClelland and Stewart, \$19.95
244 pages)

Jessie Turner Hospital's second novel seems much like a first one, the sort of flawed, talented debut that entice local "promoters." The Tiger is the Tiger Pit, which tells of a family reacting for a 50th wedding anniversary, is definitely promising, but after the passion and poise of *The Ivory Shaving* it is also a disappointment. There are too many half-created characters; the voices sound more like facets of ventriloquism than individual people. Without solid characters to anchor Hospital's lush writing, *The Tiger in the Tiger Pit* seems like an intelligent soap opera, full of unearned intensity.

The strongest voices belong to the two central characters, Edward and Elizabeth Carpenter. At 78, Edward is a cantankerous, embittered father who cannot forgive his son, Aaron, and his equally frailly for disappearing five. His wife's main direction informs him, and his inability to express love impresses him. The old man is the aged figure of the title, taken from a T.S. Eliot poem "The Tiger in the Tiger Pit." Elizabeth, a dreamy aesthetic, draws together the scattered family with a tenacity and willpower that gives the novel its truly melodramatic surprise ending.

As they converge on their home, each member of the Carpenter family has some guilt to expiate, some sin to atone

for. Jason is a New York analyst and a self-avowed "bastard" with woman Emily, a concert violinist with a child born out of wedlock, has made a virtue of distance and detachment. She once found happiness with a man on an Australian sheep station, but left it all behind for a life of celebrity and success in London, far from the tendrils of her family and the gamble of love. Her son Adam's longing for a family—either his surrogate father or the sheep station or the grandfather he has never met—marks her self-inefficiency.

Despite the global heartache that her characters represent, Hospital has provided them all with the same quivering sensibility and the same romantic vulnerability: words like corruption and scandalous occur like musical notes searching for a song. Indeed, Hospital's writing has more character than the characters themselves. She writes the kind of visceral prose that personifies everything in its path. Sometimes the effort is original and risky, sometimes it simply goes too far. This drenched-up passion would run across the retreating wall of its audience, smothering propriety like waterweed, focusing and spicing into magnificent chaos.

Much as the modern novel, inhibited by money, could use more magnificent chaos, there is enough spacing in *The Tiger in the Tiger Pit* to keep a reader dozed. Like the family patriarch, raging with unbridled tenderness and helplessness to express it, the novel's energy remains formidable but strangely inarticulate. —MARK JACKSON

Turning Canadian history into farce

ME TOO

By Donald Jack
(Doubleday, 288 pages, \$29.95)

Donald Jack's series of novels called *The Randy Papers* relates the adventures of Bartholomew Randy, a flying ace in the First World War. Because of that setting, *The Globe and Mail* book editor commissioned Jack in 1977 to update Timothy Findley's novel *The Wars*. That chance prompted fellow novelist Margaret Atwood to comment that having Donald Jack review Timothy Findley was like getting Red Buttons to play Hamlet. Her remark is equally applicable to the context of *Me Too*, the fifth and latest Randy book. Readers seeking serious fiction will be disappointed. Still, the book, like its protagonist, does have a naive charm and an attractive playfulness.

The time is the early 1980s, and Randy, now in his 80s, is living with his parents on a farm at Gallop, Ont., in the Ottawa Valley. He is trying to promote interest in the Garden, an airplane that he has designed and developed and hopes to market here. Randy's natural avocation for the plane is the federal government, but Ottawa shows no interest in building up air defence. To provide some government action, Randy decides to run for Parliament as a Liberal. He becomes an airborne border-guard to raise funds for his campaign, an experience that gives him insight into corruption in the customs and excise branch of the government. One shrewd, Randy manages to undermine his opponent with that information until, finally, Prime Minister Mackenzie King has to turn him into silence. As the novel ends, the Liberals have fallen in the 1985 general election. With his usual understandable accuracy and precision, Randy proclaims that the world has heard the last of Mackenzie King.

Randy's closest literary ancestor is Fleo Thomas Leitcher Turvey, the innocent and folksy Canadian soldier in Earl Barney's 1949 novel, *Turvey*. Both characters are women professionals who stumble into farcical situations. While Turvey is Randy's Canadian precedent, Jack's comic writing style reveals other influences. His techniques are hyperbole, repetition and a backhanded irony leading to a twist at the end. Using a reversal in the manner of Mark Twain, Randy recounts in honor the crooked election practices of the local Conservatives. "For instance, on the weekend he was polling day, our opponents would openly hand out envelopes containing

\$5 bills to any voter who professed not to have made up his mind. It was absolutely outrageous and forced us to dispute our own \$5 bills prematurely." And like the 20th-century American humorist S.J. Perelman, Jack deflates by imitating the Victorian high style at its most pompous. To that end, Mackenzie King, when Randy's pipe smoke has annoyed him, "fanned a circus of gaseous mistletoe away from his head."

Jack matches these comic flourishes with many singular characters, including some whose antiqueness was their sheer lack of obvious color. There is dear Arthur Neighan, for instance, and of course King, who is "holding the country together by first rendering it inert." King is the centerpiece of the book, and Randy says of him: "Though I had not experienced any myself, I understood that he had quite an attractive side to his character. More than one of his acquaintances . . . had told me that he could be thoroughly charming when he wished. He was even said to have a sense of humor, having made many an amusing remark about his cabinet colleagues—behind their backs, to save them embarrassment, of course." Such wry remarks may not be the stuff of a serious political treatise, but there is not supposed to be anything serious in *Me Too*. That is why the answer to the pleasant question Jack intends it to be.

—DOUG FETHERLING

NACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Little Drummer Girl*, J. K. Coyle (5)
- 2 *The Name of the Rose*, Eco (6)
- 3 *Hollywood Wives*, Collins (6)
- 4 *Christine*, King (1)
- 5 *Pinked*, Maclean (3)
- 6 *White Gold Witches*, Doubleday (4)
- 7 *Between the Devil and the Deep*, (3)
- 8 *Exotic*, Shapiro (5)
- 10 *The Selection of Peter S. Bander*

Nonfiction

- 1 *In Search of Excellence*, Peters and Waterman Jr. (3)
- 2 *Napster's Number* (3)
- 3 *The Price of Power*, Mead (3)
- 4 *Chances and Odds*, Van Cleave, Jack (3)
- 5 *The Last Lion*, Maclean (6)
- 6 *Portrait of Thomas and Morgan*, Wells (1)
- 7 *Out on a Limb*, Maclean (7)
- 8 *Joe Ponder's Workout Book*, Ponder (3)
- 9 *The Love You Make*, Brown and Gates (3)
- 10 *The One Minute Manager*, Blanchard (3)

(1) Previous list week

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Young victims on the witness stand

Last July 1, Douglas Gerald Trache, 35, an unemployed security guard, had serving a five-year sentence at Ontario's Kingston Penitentiary for a sexual offence against a eight-nine-year-old girl from Toronto. His conviction came about because the girl's parents, social workers and police encouraged her to testify against him in court.

Until recently, offenders like Trache, a father of two, were rarely convicted because judges did not allow the young victim—often the only witnesses to the crimes—to testify out of fear that the testimony was unreliable. But now judges are permitting more children—some as young as 5—to tell their judges' stories in courtrooms across Canada. The change has resulted in more successful prosecutions of child offenders, but many legal professionals question a child's understanding of what truth is. They also worry that the courtroom experience may add to the trauma.

Sexual assaults on children are a common crime. The Metropolitan Chairman's Special Committee on Sexual Abuse in Toronto estimates that in Canada as many as one boy in 10 and one girl in four under the age of 16 are sexually assaulted. Alberta's Child Protection Registry reported 340 sexual abuse cases during a 36-month period in 1992 alone. Faced with these alarming figures, provincial Crown attorneys and social workers have encouraged more children to testify. As a result, the current conviction rate for the crimes is high. For example, 48 sexual abuse charges in the past two years have resulted in 38 convictions in Campbell River, B.C., according to Western Canada Sexual Abuse Victims Association (WASAVA), a self-help group there.

Under the Canada Evidence Act, a judge has complete discretion over whether a child under 14 is allowed to testify. The judge must be convinced that a child understands the moral obli-

gation of telling the truth. If the judge has some doubts about the child's competency, the child may still appear in court as an sworn witness, as long as other witnesses or evidence corroborate the testimony. Judge George Thomson of the Ontario Family Court, who has seen a dramatic increase in the number of children called to the witness stand

plete with sexual organs, used in reviewing crimes with young victims. Said Mary Wells, a social worker for Justice for Children, "Kids help children communicate more comfortably." Linda Halliday, founder of YANA, finds that the data are helpful with very young children. "With the dolls," she said, "they just show me what they've seen."

Even with careful preliminary preparation, doubts remain about the dependability of children's testimony. Only two years ago, according to Flora MacLeod, a social worker with Vancouver's United Way Child Abuse project, provincial prosecutors would not pursue a case in which the child was the only witness. Says Thomson, "Sometimes their ability—especially that of very young children—to separate fact from fantasy is difficult." Gerald Bennett, a lawyer in Campbell River who has represented six child offenders in the past year, added, "A child's evidence can be very good in some cases." Frederick Peterson, defence counsel for Trache, finds it difficult to cross-examine youngsters because the jury tends to sympathize with them. "No defence lawyer likes to see a child on the stand," he said.

The experience of talking to the witness stand can also frighten a child. In some cases a child is reluctant to testify for fear that the offender—often a close relative or close friend—will be found guilty and jailed. Those children, said Heather Spradac, a supervisor with Ontario's Children's Aid Society, "believe that the criminal process could result in the destruction of the family."

Douglas Trache's victim was fortunate to have pretrial support. But others are not so lucky. Wendy Harvey, a Crown counsel in New Westminster, B.C., who has represented 12 children in sexual assault cases this year, says, "If a child is not well prepared, the court situation could be more traumatic than the abuse." —DIANNE LOSE in Toronto



Wells communicating with dolls more comfortable in sexual assault cases

over the past five years, approves of the trend. "In my experience, children tend to be truthful and straightforward," he said. Robin Vaid, senior counsel for Toronto's Children's Aid Society, agreed. "Children tend to be more reliable, especially in sexual abuse cases."

The effectiveness of children's testimony has improved over the past few years, largely because of expert pretrial counselling. Specially trained child abuse teams, such as those at Vancouver's Children's Hospital and the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, provide the initial medical treatment for the child, as well as social and legal guidance throughout the trial. A Toronto-based children's rights advocacy group, Justice for Children, also prepares children for court.

Social workers and psychologists use various counseling techniques to help the young victims recall the traumatic attack. One tool is an 18-inch doll, com-

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Arusha (left), Jones: a parable of a black's struggle to save a white's soul

THEATRE

The anatomy of racism

'MASTER HAROLD'...AND THE BOYS
Written and directed by Athol Fugard

N o dramatist has dissected racism as exhaustively and perceptively as the South African writer Athol Fugard. A subtle satirist, he is intensely aware of the moral superiority that racism pervasively grants its victims and how, wisely employed, that advantage might serve the common good. True to form, *'Master Harold'...* and the Boys, Fugard's latest play, in its first Canadian run at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre with its acclaimed New York cast intact, is a meditative parable about one black's dignified struggle—and ultimate failure—to save a white man's soul.

The scene is a barroom in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, 30 years ago. Two black waiters, Sam (played by the esteemed American actor James Earl Jones) and Willie (Ray Arusha), are practicing for a ballroom dancing contest. Then the white owner's teenage son, Harold (Charles Michael Wright), walks in for his daily lunch and banter with "the boys." Rapidly the barroom acquires universal dimensions: Fugard's glib, baroque dialogue reveals the ways in which Sam has played moral master to Harold over the years. That pivotal relationship has flourished, despite differences in color and caste, because each has refused to deny its essential humanity.

But the serpent of racism still lurks in the delicately balanced parable. Over the telephone Harold learns that his senile father, a drunken bigot, is returning home from hospital to torment his family. As warring emotions assail Harold—love for his two fathers, the compulsion to conform, an idealized hope for a united world—he crumples and viciously reverts to his economic and racist "diplomacy" over Sam. But Sam, too, is fallible and he cannot restrain his righteous anger in a wrenching climax: the two helplessly watch their mutual dream of a "world without colorlines" vanish before the onslaught of inherited hatred.

Fugard's staging is superb as emotions flare and ferment into chaos, as ironic, meaningless order is lost over the stage as the waiters reluctantly continue to set up tables. But some of the debates between Sam and Harold about great historical figures and the meaning of art are tedious. Still, despite its unseemly aristocratic stiffness, Jones captures every nuance in Fugard's text with finesse and energy to spare for the final climax. Arusha is a delight as he mulls over how to teach his girlfriend a new step. Wright eventually overcomes vocal limitations to present a convincing adolescent in crisis. Under the playwright's perceptive direction, all show a compassionate understanding of the eternal struggle in a racist world to separate the masters from the boys.

—MARK CHAMBERS

A black farce lost in the haze

YELLOW FEVER
By R.A. Shoen
Directed by Neil Aronson

Yellow Fever seems to be a hit—at least off Broadway, where the Canadian play is enjoying a successful run to favorable reviews. But on the basis of its incoherent Canadian premiere run currently at Toronto's Free Theatre (the play will also appear in Vancouver next spring), its popularity is impossible to understand. The script by Vancouver playwright R.A. Shoen is a sloppy pastiche of trendy references to detective movies and stereotyped social positions that could conceivably work only as black farce. Unfortunately, the members of the cast of the Canadian Artists Group treat it so seriously that they become the butt of their own jokes.

Set in Vancouver's Pencil Street in 1973, a modified version of the 1930s San Francisco Chinatown portrayed by Sam Spade, Yellow Fever follows Spade's Japanese-Canadian neighbor, Sam Shikane (Harvey Chao), as he tracks down the Cherry Blossom Queen when someone has mysteriously faked her death. A community festival Dressed to Kill in a lampy, double-breasted suit and oversized trench coat, Shikane looks the part, both a corrupt police force, which wants him off the case, and a hysterical reporter (Susan Jay), who wants him on hers, harass him. The villain turns out to be the racist Son of the Western Guard, dedicated to driving "yellow fever" back across the Pacific from the moon-white shores of North America.

How kidnapping a beauty queen could serve that purpose is only one of a hundred unanswered questions in a plot constructed from one-liners. But with hapless casting, hapless acting and confused direction, even Shoen's smartest quips drift a way in the smoke from Shikane's staccato cigarette. Also lost is the tangled narrative and the glimpses of the generational conflicts among Japanese Canadians and the rivalry between them and Chinese Canadians, by far Yellow Fever's most interesting aspects. When Chao makes long wads to crack a joint properly, he does do justice to his monastic ancestors. Yellow Fever should have been nothing more than a radio script, because Shoen's witty dialogue makes the ineffectual and contrived fighting superfluous. If the playwright can resist the nostalgia whims of fashion, next time he may write a play—and the players may know how to play it.

—M.C.

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NATIONAL UNIVERSITIES WEEK

When heroes become monsters

By Allan Fotheringham

In the United States the dream of every boy is to grow up to be president. Anybody is supposed to be able to do it (as has recently been demonstrated). In Canada the dream of several generations of boys who have been raised in the 1930s and 1940s—was to play hockey for the Toronto Maple Leafs. Millions of cases of Rogers Golden Spray were donated of their wrappers in one of the great marketing plays of all time—the wrappings, mailed off from the frozen ponds of the nation, were good for one glossy photo of

Nick Metz or Gus Bodnar or Turk Broda or Wally Stanowski and the other legends. Besides the Duffins Cowboys became "America's team," the Maple Leafs were "Canada's team," and the highest ambition any tad could aspire to as he cooked the Saturday night loss of Foster Hewitt, snapping out his radio fantasies from the dunes of Maple Leaf Gardens.

Agon, Drifcon and Davidson were the heroes we worshipped. Today the Maple Leafs of 1963 and Harold Ballard are somewhat different. We present you one Paul Higgins, who was on the Vancouver minor league team as a modest winger. His job in fact was to act as an "enforcer," a quaint hockey term used to describe someone who is paid to beat up other people. Playing in the heat of those wars by Agon, Drifcon and Davidson was not his goal. He had one shot in goal. He had, however, 135 minutes in penalties. That is, for every minute he was on the ice, he collected about 14 minutes in penalties.

The Maple Leaf coach is Mike Nykoluk, who was hired because he was an

assistant coach on the Philadelphia Flyers, known as the "Broad Street Bullies." In the years they were winning Stanley Cups by the use of intimidation. One night in Vancouver, half the team scaled the Pilegius walls around the rink to beat up a man in the stands. Paul Higgins, under Mike Nykoluk, was twice involved in fights after the period had ended. He received a four-game suspension for breaking the nose (with his stick) of a Chicago Black Hawk.

This summer Higgins, who is 21, was sentenced to 30 days in jail for criminal negligence after a high-speed police

of the United States Football League.

The only problem is that, once asked to read out his contract in court, it was found that Anderson cannot read. After almost four years at Arkansas, where he maintained a C average as a physical education major, he cannot read. He was one credit short of being able to graduate from university in five years when he withdrew to play pro football. His lawyer says he is "functionally illiterate," which by one definition means he cannot read at a sixth-grade level. Anderson explains that he lets his wife read his contracts to him. "Because when I read, I have problems understanding most of them." Oh yes, to celebrate his new wealth, he bought himself a silver Jaguar (\$35,857), his mother a four-bedroom house (\$44,500), furniture (\$8,000), a Chrysler (\$14,000) and gave her a cheque for \$10,000.

We present, for your edification, one Kyle Byrne like 16 and lives in Justin, Tex. He is 6 feet, 11½ inches and 185 lb. He is in Grade 7. In fact, a straight-A student, he is in Grade 7 for a second year as a result because his teacher wants him to be bigger and stronger when he reaches his final high school year to have a better chance at a football scholarship. His mother, who is separated from her family but watches him play, says, "He's so much bigger than the kids he's playing with now, he's a monster. He could hurt someone."

And finally, we have the loving mothers and fathers of the Metropolitan Toronto Hockey League and the Ontario Minor Hockey Association. Only the 11 boys who live in Metro Toronto can play in the MTHL, which is seen as the route to the National Hockey League. So the loving parents of 12-year-olds in the OMHA have found a way around the rules. They ask the sports to grant custody of their beloved bubble-gummers to a Toronto family—complete strangers—so they will be eligible to play as amateurs in Toronto. It is felt at least 10 tots will be shipped off, through the courts, to a Toronto minor system for 12-year-olds which is described by one parent as "ruthless."

Way to go, sports fans!



chase. In August a provincial court judge found Higgins over for trial on Paul Courtney Court on charges of criminal mischief, mischief involving harm and possessing a weapon or imitation. While the Leafs opened training camp for the 1983-84 season, Higgins appeared in court. His trial date will be set in late September. Toronto, the team of Agon, Drifcon and Davidson, has arrested Higgins "three-quarter states," apparently to test the NHL market. Higgins appeared in court in jeans and a golf shirt.

Carrying right along, we present you one Gary Anderson, a 22-year-old football player when University of Arkansas coach Lee Elkins calls, "the most versatile player I've ever coached." Anderson is so versatile that he is in the middle of a court battle because he signed a four-year, \$1.5-million deal to play with the San Diego Chargers of the National Football League and also a four-year, \$1.375-million contract to play with Johnny F. Bassett's Tampa Bay Bandits



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